Personal Experiences Among Our North American Indians 1867 to 1885

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Surgeon U. S. Indian Service

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

AMONG OUR

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

FROM 1867 TO 1885

BY

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NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
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DEDICATION.

To the gallant old Third Cavalry, United States Army—A regiment which has few if any equals and no superiors, in this or any other land—And to the memory of the brave troopers of the Third with whom I had the honour to ride in the sixties on the frontier, most of whom, have answered the "last call!" "Their sabres are rust, their steeds are dust, their souls are with the Saints we trust."

PREFACE.

Complying with the requests of several friends, I have endeavored to select from my articles contributed to various magazines such as the *Open Court, North American Review,* etc., those which seemed to me most interesting, concerning our North American Indians, Scouts, Soldiers and others, who have lived upon the wild, dangerous "frontier" during the Sixties—and later. I hope that I may be pardoned for adding one or two papers, from medical journals. I shall be glad indeed if some of these pages may be found acceptable to the reader.

W. Thornton Parker, M. D.

Northampton, Massachusetts.
May 22nd, 1913.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Indian War Veteran and Frontiersman.

Pages of history, and the acts of congress of a grateful nation, and books which might fill libraries, have been written in just and undying praise of our relatives and friends and comrades who served so gallantly in the war of the Rebellion, to save our beloved land. The sacred dust of thousands of warriors is intrusted to the guardianship of the nation they loved, and for whose glory they willingly suffered, and alas, so many died: But these pages are my humble tribute to the honour of brave soldiers of the regular army, and to call to remembrance the deeds of heroes, and what we owe to them. The valuable services, privations and heroism of the soldiers of the regular army of the United States, who have served in the Indian wars, and in other wars, have never received suitable recognition. President Taft has said of these veterans: "All honor to the regular army of the United States! Never in its history has it had a stain upon its escutcheon, with no one to blow its trumpet, with no local feeling or pride to bring forth its merits; quietly and as befits a force organized to maintain civil institutions, it has gone on doing the duty which it was its to do; accepting without a murmur

dangers of war. Upon the trackless stretches of our western frontier, exposed to the arrows and the bullets of the Indian, it has never failed to make a record of duty done that should satisfy the most exacting lover of his country."

Comparatively few of the citizens of our great nation, are familiar with the dangers, privations, the sufferings and often the tortures of Indian warfare. Few comprehend what privations our soldiers on the frontier service have endured. Few recognize the fact that no battles of the war of the Rebellion have ever called forth more of military courage and fortitude than that displayed in Indian campaigns on the frontier.

Veterans of the regular army, who served in the Indian wars, are entitled to every honor which a grateful nation can bestow upon its heroes. The veterans who faced the dangers of Indian warfare, who made the weary dangerous march, crossing the plains, the mountains, and desert regions, who have endured the horrors of thirst and hunger, and untold suffering in their common duties as soldiers, who have endured the cold of Montana and the heat of Arizona, who have suffered all sorts of privations and discomforts in an enemy's country, and who have held in check, often against great odds, and fought battles with savages, where almost superhuman courage was required to avert absolute destruction, and where surrender could never be yielded without the sure sequence of being reserved for the indescribable horrors of Indian tortures—surely such warriors are peers of the soldiers in any country, and are worthy of the tribute and friendship of all veterans. No true soldier or worthy

citizen would hesitate for an instant to yield homage to the brave and true, who at such sacrifices and terrible risks opened up the great western lands to settlements for millions. Cities and towns have sprung up where once roamed their mighty, cruel, but defeated Indian enemies. In Indian warfare there is no rear. All are equally exposed to danger. The real veteran does not and cannot approve of the neglect of any veteran soldier. The real soldier is ready to give his sympathy generously, for the justice of brave men.

Our American Indian war scouts, were indeed a brave and daring lot; and seemed to be without fear of danger or of death—although they knew both in the worst possible form.

The tomahawk, the scalping knife and the frightful tortures of devilish Indian cruelty were much more to be dreaded than the engines of destruction usually employed in war.

There have been rare deeds of personal courage in our frontier service by scouts as well as by soldiers. Comparatively little has been recorded of the innumerable life-imperilling acts of bravery of the soldiers, or scouts who found the Indian savages, and faced dangers of all descriptions in the discharge of duty. Alert and willing to take any risks in rendering assistance at the first call for help—they have added laurels to the records of American heroism. Like our brave soldiers, the scouts, were not heroes for a day, they were heroes all the time. When there were things to be done, they just went and did them. Some day in the far future, some historian may seek to record the thrilling incidents of their lives, and to place them properly in the

grand story of the American people. *Then* facts will *not* be obtainable, and more or less fiction will take their place. But fiction can be no stranger than the facts in many cases. It will indeed be a pity if the true tales of these hardy men are lost to history! Few witnessed or even knew of many of these acts of courage performed by unselfish, manly men who made light of danger, in their determination to do their manly duty and to do it well.

May my pen be able to present the homage, it would so gladly record in honour of my dearly esteemed comrades, the veterans of the regular army, soldiers and scouts, who served on the Indian frontier in the service of their beloved country and for the welfare of mankind in general.

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ACROSS THE PLAINS.

A Three Months' Journey with an Army Train.

We were not many, we who marched along the lonely Santa Fe,
But many a gallant soldier would
Have given much if he but could
Have shared with us that dangerous way.

"The Plains," as it was understood 46 years ago, was that section of country west of the Missouri River, comprising almost the entire State of Kansas, a portion of Colorado, and the Indian Territory. If we open the geographical atlas at the map of Kansas we will find in the eastern part of the State the still important military post of Fort Leavenworth. Before the railroads west of the Missouri were built this fort was the great distributing point for troops and military supplies of all kinds. It was here that in May, 1867, a large expedition was fitted out to cross the plains to New Mexico. To the traveler rushing through Kansas to-day in the comfortable and safe railway cars, it is difficult to explain the experiences of crossing these prairies in "Indian times," before the railroad was built.

The expedition which left Fort Leavenworth May, 1867, consisted of about 300 cavalry recruits, 20 cavalrymen, a dozen or more officers, their

families, a half dozen non-commissioned staff officers, and about 200 civilians, teamsters, etc. One hundred and twenty-five wagons and ambulances comprised the train, and there was also a herd of about 500 horses and mules for distribution at the posts in New Mexico, beside those in use by the soldiers and the train. This was considered a strong expedition, and an important one in those days. The Paymaster-General, then Maj. Rochester, accompanied the expedition, and he carried for payment of the troops in New Mexico a large sum of money—over a hundred thousand dollars, as the men believed; but at any rate a considerable sum. Later we shall have something to tell about that money.

The command of this expedition was intrusted to Maj. Whiting, an experienced officer, and one who had a good reputation as an Indian fighter. He proved himself a thorough soldier before the expedition was broken up, and when the difficulties and dangers of that long march, through what was then a wilderness, are taken into account, he deserved the support and respect of every officer and man.

The march was to be a long one—10 or 12 weeks—and through a desert land not only difficult for traveling, but swarming with hostile Indians, determined, if possible, to annihilate all the whites west of the Missouri. Each mile had to be traversed with the command ready for action to repel Indian attacks, and each camp had to resemble, as nearly as possible, a garrison besieged. The enemy had all the advantage, and were well armed, well mounted, brave and intelligent, and out-numbered us many times over.

The following was the order of march as well as I can remember it: The new guard of to-day, the advance guard; one company of cavalry recruits; ambulance containing officers' families; wagons containing soldiers' families; wagons containing camp equipments; horses led and guarded by soldiers (these horses were tied to a long rope at regular intervals); second company of cavalry; wagons containing supplies; another section of horses; third company of cavalry; extra wagons; camp followers, etc.; old guard of yesterday, rear-guard.

On the right flank, well in advance, rode 20 picked men, old soldiers, who acted as flankers and scouts to protect the expedition from surprises. The wagons moved in single or double file as the nature of the roads or the probabilities of attack suggested. The train was under the immediate control of wagon-masters, and the drivers were instructed to halt and form in position to resist attack at a moment's notice. The movement was to be executed in the following manner: An attack threatening, the flankers were slowly to join the main column, the advance-guard halting at once. The wagons, when moving in double column, halted in this order: First two leading wagons came together, mules unhitched and tied to wagon-wheels; numbers three and four right and left of these, their mules driven to the inner side of wagons one and two; wagons five and six right and left of these, their mules driven to the inner sides of wagons three and four, and so on until the whole command was in position to resist attack. The ambulances, soldiers, horses, etc., would thus be entirely inclosed, and the wagons, loaded with camp equipage and stores, would make a very fair fortress.

The soldiers could fight from under the wagons, keeping up a fire that would make an Indian attack a very dangerous undertaking. In Indian fighting one man holds four horses and the other three act as skirmishers. The signal of "danger," which is made by riding round in a circle, means also the enemy is in dangerous proximity; collect together as soon as possible. Thus a flanker way off on the right could signal the advance-guard, and the Officer of the Day, always with or near the advance-guard, reporting to the commanding officer, in a few minutes the whole train would be in position for the threatened attack.

In this manner, and always on the alert, we marched through Kansas. Reveille sounded early in the morning, sometimes when in very dangerous places, long before daylight, and camp was usually formed about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. After the site for the camp had been carefully selected, the wagons would move into position, forming three sides of a square if on the river bank, or a perfect square if on the open prairie, in single or double row of wagons. The horses were herded, if in a secure camp, or if threatened, were tied to the long ropes between the camps, which were fastened to posts firmly planted in the ground. The hospital and guard-tents were the earliest raised, and when the whole camp was in order it was indeed a pretty sight to see. By sundown the camp was silent, except that now and then one might hear a banjo or guitar, or some voices singing songs of home, as the soldiers gathered around the campfires and smoked or told stories until after tattoo. The nights were usually cool, and how pleasant camp seemed after the long,

hot and dusty ride of the day. As we journeyed westward grass grew longer, and beds became more luxurious. First we threw down our rubber ponchos, then a blanket folded twice, or oftener, for a mattress. If we had no pillow, a folded overcoat over a pair of boots made an excellent substitute. Another blanket over us completed the bed. Taps, the last call, bade us rest in peace to wait for to-morrow's reveille. Soldiers, like other boys, are apt to be frolicsome at bedtime, and many were the pranks played between tattoo and taps, and sometimes even after taps.

Mosquitoes were plentiful as summer advanced, and they made slumbers, which in their absence might have been delicious, somewhat restless. The nettings we have in the east to protect us were not amongst our supplies on the march. It was discovered, however, that our hungry little pest hated the fumes of burnt sugar and chlorate of potash, so from our hospital supplies we made a mixture of our "anti-mosquito remedy." We burnt this on boards or tin just after getting into bed, and it is hard to say what the mosquito thought of it, but we suffered severely, and out of respect for our endurance of the strangling fumes we ought to have been spared the irritating bites. But the mosquito of Kansas is a very intelligent bird, and waited outside until the fumes had pretty well disappeared and we were fast asleep; then he walked in for his dinner. In the course of these experiments with chlorate of potash and sugar we discovered that in burning it made a bright light. Taps is the signal to "extinguish lights," and this we were particular to do; but one night while taps was sounding we lit our diabolical

mixture. The Sergeant of the Guard, walking about in the silent streets of the camp, noticed that while all other lights went out one tent seemed brilliantly illuminated. We heard his voice "lights out," and still the fire kept on. Our heads were covered in our blankets, unable to endure the suffocating fumes. On came the Sergeant, angry at our inattention. He pushed his head into the tent, and taking a deep breath in his haste to scold us, beat a hasty retreat, nearly strangled by the fumes of our burning medicine. "What does this mean?" he managed to call out, his eyes suffused and then fully aroused to anger. We answered him from under the blankets as the last of the flame died away, "The mosquitoes are very bad and we have burned a little sugar to frighten them away, but it did not go out at taps." With an admonition not to let it happen again, he marched off.

Reveille rudely woke us from our slumbers every morning; but sometimes, when we had gone to rest some pleasant summer evening with tent-sides looped up, and not anticipating a storm, a furious gale would strike us, down would go our lines of tents, and, suddenly aroused and drenched with rain, we would try to find our clothing and restore order in camp. It happened at Fort Zara, I believe, that we changed our camp twice. The river rising rapidly and flooding the country in every direction, we were forced very hastily to move to higher ground. This first move was accomplished only after considerable effort in packing and hitching up; but when later the river again attacked us it seemed as if we must lose everything. Everyone took hold and worked hard to save the wagons, camp equipage and supplies.

It was desperate work, and although the men struggled faithfully, several wagons became so firmly inbedded in the mud that it was necessary to abandon them altogether, and much flour and other supplies were destroyed by the water. The whole command, ladies and all, were well drenched before we found a safe camp again.

The commanding officer generously ordered that a case of whiskey be distributed to the men, and the efforts of many a gallant soldier to obtain two drinks instead of one by hook or by crook were laughable in the extreme. "I've seen your face before; I've given you a drink lately," I said to some. "Oh, no; it was my brother or a friend," was the answer.

At daylight we learned that two men had been drowned in the river, but some said their bodies had not been found, and the report merely covered their desertion. Desertions were common enough after that. Men went off in squads with horses, arms and provisions, deserting directly in the midst of the Indians; many of them losing their lives to escape the slavery of a soldier's life. Some of the recruits were professional horse-thieves, and had enlisted at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., going East for the purpose of being returned again to the plains, where they knew expeditions were constantly crossing, and opportunities for horse stealing and desertion frequent. One night almost the entire guard deserted, including non-commissioned officers. These men carried off the company records, besides taking extra horses, arms, ammunition and rations. The risk they assumed of capture by Government officials was small indeed; but outside waited the Indians, who

very much desired their ill-gotten plunder. Undoubtedly many of these deserters were malcontents, who hated the army discipline, and who had endured, or fancied they had endured, wrongs and humiliations which made them desperate. In no other army—certainly not in the English, German or French—are the enlisted men so happy as they are in ours. Our soldiers are well paid and well fed, but it is surprising to witness the great gulf existing between the officers and the soldiers.

The rivers and streams we were obliged to ford, there being neither bridges or ferryboats, and it often happened that fording was attended with great difficulty and even danger. On one occasion, where the river banks were very steep, the wagons and cavalry marching through the water and ascending the opposite bank had made it very slippery. When the rear-guard arrived the crossing looked very uninviting, and upon attempting to ascend the opposite bank, horses and riders slipped down the bank nearly to the water's edge. A group of officers gathered on the bank above, watching the crossing, and seemed to enjoy the comical struggle of horses and men striving to make the ascent without falling. My horse enjoyed the name of "Billy," probably the commonest name for army horses. He was a fine, large, deep bay, carefully selected by an old soldier from amongst a herd of horses at Fort Riley, which had been recently purchased in Missouri, the great supply depot for the United States Army. Billy was my special pet, and on him I showered my affection and all the dainties my slender purse could procure. Our turn had come to make the ascent. I looked at Billy and his clean, well-groomed sides;

at myself and my gorgeous scarlet stripes (the old style of stripes for Hospital Stewards), and, considering the adventures of the cavalryman who had just rolled down the bank covered with mud, I felt that glory was not in store for me that day. Yet Billy was quick, steady and intelligent, and so we hopefully descended the bank, crossed the river, and as we stepped out of the water I patted my horse, spoke to him, and then giving him a little touch with the spur, we started up the difficult ascent. Up, up, went Billy, plunging and rocking, and we had nearly reached the top, when down he came well on one side, covering my boot and leg with mud, and I thought it was all over; but a gallant spring gave him his legs again, and in a second more we stood secure upon the bank above. A kind applause greeted his splendid efforts, and from the depths of my saddle-bag came forth my last lumps of sugar for a reward.

Billy distinguished himself again, much to my disgust, by interfering with the hospital cook. Our horses were being stolen so rapidly that I had my horse picketed close by the hospital tent. Camp cooking is done out of doors, and is a very simple process, bread being baked in Dutch-ovens—iron pots with heavy iron covers, placed in the bed of coals and completely covered over by them. Usually we had hard wood for fires, but in some very desert places the dried dung of the buffalo, called "buffalo chips," was used. This dung was found all over the plains of Kansas years ago, but has pretty much disappeared now. The cook had taken the mess chest outside his tent, and while making the bread left the flour-bag open. I was dozing in my tent, when I

heard a yell and angry imprecations and a clatter of hoofs. Springing up I saw the cook chasing my Billy away, and my horse's head was a sight to behold, for in his playful, inquisitive way, he had plunged his nose deep into the flour-bag; his mouth and nostrils were filled with flour, and his whole face was covered with it to his eyes. Off scampered Billy, seemingly delighted with the new discovery, while his poor master paid the value of one bag of flour to the mess. I could never understand why Billy's sweet face should harm the flour, even if he did put his nose in it.

Billy never appreciated my goodness, for he served me a mean trick not many days afterward. We came into camp on a very windy afternoon, and the hospital attendants had all they could do to get up the large hospital tent. "Water call" had sounded and Billy was thirsty, so I undertook to take him to water without saddle or bridle. We reached the place at last, where many horses were drinking, and I rode in among them. I was quietly waiting for my horse to finish his drink, when he suddenly stooped, bending his forelegs in such a manner that I slipped directly over his head into the water amongst the horses. It created quite a disturbance, and off scampered my steed with a merry twinkle in his eye, leaving me to walk home, wet and muddy.

While in camp one evening a soldier was brought to the hospital tent who had been kicked by a horse. The poor fellow suffered great agony, and received little relief from the Surgeon. While on the march next day he died in the ambulance. At night we reached a lonely frontier post, and a detail was sent to bury him. No officer attended the funeral,

and no music sounded the usual soldier's dead march, but, wrapped in the blankets in which he died, he was lowered into the earth to wait the trumpet call of the last day. His grave is unmarked. It is customary in the army to bury soldiers with military honors. All the officers of the garrison and all the soldiers except the guards are present in full dress. The Chaplain, in his white robes, marches with the military procession, the music playing the dead march. Arrived at the grave the burial service is read, and then three volleys fired over the coffin after it has been lowered into the grave. The last and most touching scene is the sounding of "taps," the "last call," by a musician at the head of the grave. As the solemn notes sound out, all is hushed and still, and all are impressed by the solemnity of the scene. The burial ceremonies over, the command returns to the post with the music playing a lively tune, often "John Brown's Body," or something equally gay. Such is a soldier's life in peace, but in war and upon hurried marches, ceremonies even at the grave are dispensed with.

Rations when the command started were plenty; besides the generous allowance furnished by our indulgent "Uncle Samuel," we enjoyed butter, milk, white sugar, and even the chief dainty dish of soldiers, pie. But as we journeyed westward luxuries disappeared, and simple, very simple, army rations were all we had left. A famous dish, consisting of soaked army biscuit, called hardtack, fried in grease and covered with molasses was highly prized by the hungry travelers. Often by the evening campfire the cooks would prepare great

piles of flapjacks, and it was fun to watch them throw the cake high in the air as they turned it, and catch it as it fell. As long as sugar and sirup lasted, these were famous treats. They would seem rather indigestible to those who live in civilization, but hunger is a good sauce, as many readers will find out some day, if they have not already discovered it.

Before the day began to break, often as early as 3 o'clock in the morning, the Reveille would call us from our slumbers. The campfires lighted up the scene again; a sudden striking of tents, as if by magic, and a systematic stowing away in the great wagons; then came a hurried breakfast of coffee, hardtack and bacon around the campfires, and then sounded "boots and saddles," and the command had started on another march. The old guard of yesterday closes up the rear. As we pass out into the road and our campfires fade away, we can see that the Indians have taken possession and are searching for what we have left behind us, and warming themselves where we were only a few moments ago. Day dawned when we had already traveled some distance and our camp had long since been out of sight and in possession of the enemy.

We crossed the Arkansas River July 4, and celebrated the day after crossing by some extras at dinner, a grand bonfire and some homemade fireworks in the evening.

Our marches were not always made near cool springs, and often we marched from water to water carrying what we could in our canteens; but this supply soon became warm and unfit for use, and considerable suffering would result. Sometimes as

we approached water holes, or buffalo wallows, filled with water, the dogs would plunge in before we could unsling our canteens. We found the Arkansas River water, when encamped on that stream, red with mud and quite uninviting in appearance, but after dipping out a pailful and letting it stand a few minutes the sediment would settle and the water become clear and delicious to drink. The daily march was not a long one, averaging only 15 to 18 miles, but with slow pace, three miles an hour or less, and many halts and obstacles before us to overcome, like broken roads and fords to cross. Cavalry proceeds with no greater speed than infantry, when encumbered with heavy trains, and three miles an hour was considered a fair average across the plains. Sometimes our march covered only 10 miles, and again we made a long journey. It depended very much upon the supply of wood, water and grass.

It was easy enough to find rattlesnakes, if one wished, near camp, or a little way on either side of the marching column. The plains were full of them then, and they were much dreaded in camp, where they often appeared, sometimes startling the cooks near the morning campfire, or even crawling beside the sleeping soldier wrapped in his blanket in his tent. We found one in our tent one morning, and you can imagine our fright. The snake paid for his intrusion with his life, however, but that was poor comfort to us. One afternoon, after making camp, a friend of mine went out for a walk but a little way from the hospital tent. He had removed his riding boots and wore a light pair of slippers. In climbing a little rising ground a

rattlesnake bit him on the instep. The wound was sucked upon his reaching camp and carefully cauterized, and a heavy dose of whiskey given him. He was put to bed in the ambulance and never experienced any further trouble from the wound. The whiskey was supposed to have cured him. He was a brave fellow, not easily frightened, for after being bitten he sat down, and, taking careful aim with his pistol, shot the snake through the head and brought his remains to camp as a trophy. The rattlesnake bite it not always so easily cured. In this case the snake may have emptied its poison bag shortly before he bit the soldier, or the venom may have been stopped by the stocking or slipper from reaching the wound. I used to take a cavalry saber and ride just a little way from the line and cut off the heads of the snakes from horseback. I would then cut off the rattles and send them home in letters as curiosities. The rattlesnake sounds a loud alarm before he strikes, usually giving one some chance for defense.

It was not permitted for any member of the train to loiter behind or to separate from the command, except by special permission of the commanding officer. One hot day we passed a little clump of trees, and a friend suggested a short halt and rest. We dismounted and tied our horses. Sitting down and leaning against the trunk of a tree, we were soon fast asleep. At last awakening, what was our astonishment to find ourselves alone, without a living soul in sight and nothing of the train in the distance. We noticed by the sun that we must have rested some time, and with a few hasty words we were in the saddle galloping in the direction of

the train as fast as we could go. We were in the enemy's country, and to have awakened in the presence of a party of Sioux Indians would have been a rough termination for our peaceful nap, with a terrible ending, no doubt. Death is always preferable to capture by Indians, for horrible torture is as sure as the death, which must come, when the poor prisoner's body is unable to offer more fun for the cruel captors. It was very much like a narrow escape, and we were glad to meet our comrades again and say no more about it.

We took all the precautions possible against an attack by Indians, and at one place a severe battle with them seemed inevitable. This was at a ford called the Cimarron Crossing. Here the savages were in strong force. They had been following us for days, and an attack at daybreak the next morning was accordingly prepared for. Strong pickets were posted on our right, center and left. No herd went out that night, but all animals were securely tied to wagons to prevent the Indians stampeding them. The whole command slept on their arms, ready for immediate action. Towards evening the guard had lost several members by soldiers reporting sick, and the writer obtained permission from the commanding officer to go out on picket as a volunteer and not only that but good Major Whitney insisted upon adding his pistol, too, to the pistol carried by the writer. The picket on the right was the station given him. It consisted of three men and a noncommissioned officer. We spread down our ponchos and blankets, and flat on our stomachs we watched along the grass tops for any signs of approaching foes. Our orders were, if attacked, to retreat toward camp, giving the alarm as we retreated.

Slowly the night passed away. Our attention was divided between watching for Indians and defending ourselves against swarms of murderous mosquitoes. It was shortly after midnight when the Sergeant detected one or two figures approaching us from the direction of the Indians. We had only a little while before noticed some signals made by means of fire-arrows, arrows with burning brands attached, shot into the air at regular intervals, and so the stealthily-approaching figures we supposed was the beginning of an unusual event—an Indian attack by night. Our Sergeant roused us all, and with carbines at ready we we waited their approach, intending to abandon our blankets and hasten back to camp and give the alarm. "Who goes there?" roared our Sergeant. No reply; but still the figures stealthily approached. Once more the challenge rang out, and we were now well ready to retreat, for the figures were getting within range. We intended to give them a warm reception before we left from our good Sharp's carbines. Just as we were about to feel sure the enemy was indeed upon us, came the response in the night air, "Officer of the Day; grand rounds." How that little message thrilled us. Although it brought friends instead of foes, it seemed as if there must be some mistake, so certain were we of attack and danger. The Officer of the Guard carried no lantern; had only one Guard besides the Corporal with him, and in the darkness had gotten beyond our station, and only found us after considerable difficulty. Our first challenge was unheard, and our second, by reason of the distance, was nearly as indistinct to him as his answer seemed to us. He left us after warning us that just at daybreak

we would probably be attacked; but our wily foe had discovered our alertness and decided it would be best to let us alone. For this extra service commendation was ample reward and although promised was never heard of afterwards. Indians rarely desire to fight, but are always ready for stealing.

As the weather grew warmer the marching toward noon was attended with considerable fatigue, and there were many cases of sunstroke. One day several fell off their horses, and the medical department had plenty to do.

Near the hospital tent the two ambulances were always located in camp. The driver of one of these vehicles had made himself somewhat unpopular with the young Hospital Stewards who were with the expedition. It was decided one night to discipline him. It was a night when, by reason of our proximity to the Indians, the mules, instead of being out on herd, were tied to the tongue of the ambulances. Our disagreeable driver had his team nearest our tent, and he himself was fast asleep, dreaming perchance of the money he would make by selling stolen corn at the next settlement. We went out carefully and collected a dozen or more empty tin cans—plentiful enough after any meal on the plains; these we brought to our tent. The mules were quiet and all the camp was still. Suddenly there was a great commotion, the mules sprang up and tugged at their chains, making a great noise and thoroughly disturbing and enraging our ambulance driver, who, springing out, with kicks and imprecations punished them for disturbing his slumbers. We tried the trick again later on with the same result, but the third time we were discovered. Either our victim

suspected foul play or the rattle of the cans had attracted his attention, and with angry strides he came to our tent door. "Look out for me, young fellows; if you do that again I will report you to the Officer of the Day." Jeers greeted his departure, and we went to rest to concoct new trials for his patience. The "Old Man," as we called him, had been cheating his mules of their corn supply, and was trying to save a bag or two to sell when a good chance presented itself. A friend of mine decided to join me in taking some of his plunder. The corn ration for our horses was exhausted, and for several days we had nothing to give them except the grass of the prairies. So when we discovered the well-filled bags of the driver, we determined to take some of Uncle Sam's corn to support and strengthen Uncle Sam's horses. It certainly could not be considered stealing. With a basket and a towel placed so as to deaden any noise, we tapped his bags night after night for the benefit of our Government horses. He found us out at last, and although he hated us well for it, could not risk reporting us without disclosing his own dishonesty. The good condition of our horses attracted the attention of several, but we never explained where our corn came from.

Our Paymaster had received at Fort Leavenworth a large sum of money to take with him to Santa Fe, N. M., for the payment of the troops. A strong iron safe had been provided by the Government to carry these funds across the plains to the District Headquarters. The Paymaster received the funds in a small iron safe. Upon consultation with his clerk it was decided to remove the money

from the safe and hide it in a strong wooden box, which was placed, when filled, in the bottom of the Major's mess-chest. The small empty safe was placed in the large safe, and carefully locked up The large safe was placed in the bottom of an army wagon and a special sentry detailed to guard it. The lawless, reckless characters amongst the recruits actually planned making a disturbance or mutiny, and intended to murder any who should oppose them in carrying off the wagon containing the safe, and, as they supposed, a large sum of money. By good luck and the weakening of one of the rascals, their plans were suspected and extra precautions taken. The officers succeeded in securing some faithful men, who, together with the old soldiers, made a formidable guard.

I well remember the afternoon our good Surgeon came to the hospital tent and informed us of the anticipated mutiny and robbery. It was agreed that upon the first symptoms of revolt, or upon hearing any firing, that we, with all who were faithful, should rally at the commanding officer's tent and fight for our lives and the Government property The preparations for resisting the outbreak were discovered, and the attempt was given up. Had the rascals, however, succeeded in their designs and carried off the wagon containing the safe, what would have been their dismay to find it quite empty of money, after their efforts to break it open. The other wagon, containing the Paymaster's camp and baggage, also contained the mess-chest in which the precious money had been hidden, unknown and unguarded, and in a box which could have been opened by a common chisel. This secret was well kept, and

not even known by the commanding officer. The Paymaster's clerk related this to me months after the expedition had been disbanded and the money spent.

As the train advanced over the prairies hundreds of eyes scanned the horizon in every direction, and any unusual object at once arrested attention and stimulated curiosity. The plains are something like the ocean, a great wilderness with little to see except sky and grass, save here and there a spot of timber near some stream. Monstrous, lonely, dreary, it is so dull that the least thing like change is a treat. A train approaching from the opposite direction, a scouting party of soldiers, or a few emigrant wagons, will create all the excitement that a sail on the ocean approaching one after days away from shore always brings. One day, far off on the left of the train, a horse was discovered, apparently wounded, for he remained on the ground, now and then floundering about as if in pain. I was asked to ride out and examine him and report if he was wounded by bullets, arrows, or merely abandoned by some train as worthless. My good horse Billy soon brought me to the spot. I looked about for an instant to discover any signs of camp or battleground, and then dismounting I walked up to the poor horse to see if he was wounded or had broken his leg, or was merely sick and worn out. Just as I bent forward to examine him he rolled over, lifting his legs high in the air, thoroughly frightening my horse, who gave a wild snort, and snatching the rein suddenly from my grasp, galloped off at a wild rate over the prairie. No call of mine would stop him, and it was a long, hard walk, past many a deadly rattlesnake to reach the train; when I climbed in

lonely humiliation upon the feeding trough of an army wagon, while two troopers chased Billy for miles before they could catch him.

The horses furnished our cavalry at that time were really fine animals, and some were worthy to carry a prince. They came in good condition, and I remember one, a large iron-gray horse, the envy of many a cavalryman. More than one tried to ride him, but met with ugly throws and great discouragements. So many gave him up that he was considered too vicious for use. At last an old soldier, who served through the war of the rebellion, said that he "would ride him or perish in the attempt." The permission was given, and the "Iron Duke" saddled and bridled. The soldier mounted, and then began a struggle I have never seen equaled. A gallant horseman and a gallant steed. It was exciting to witness the wild leaps and plunging and rearing of the steed, but the soldier kept his seat. The horse at length, maddened and desperate, threw himself on the ground, and quickly rolling over, nearly killed his rider. The soldier was carried to the hospital tent and found to be completely ruined for further military service. He was discharged and pensioned. The horse was led to the line, but the fire was gone from his eye, and he walked with a conquered gait. After that anyone could ride him, and his handsome looks departed. He was indeed subdued.

As we neared Colorado the scenery changed, with views of the glorious Rockies in the distance. The Spanish Peaks, always "a day's journey away," remained in sight for many days. As we entered New Mexico the mountains became a reality, and hard climbing and difficult roads were now of daily occur-

rence. On we marched, over the winding "Picket Wire," or Purgatory river, through the wild Raton Pass, and then down into the lovely scenery of New Mexico; past the "Wagon Mound," famous for the gallant fight of a handful of emigrants, who here successfully held at bay a host of savage Indians. The dark mud walls of Fort Union came at last into view, and we entered a charming valley and were soon within the Reservation.

Our march was ended; its trials and its pleasures, its dangers and its adventures. For the last time our camp was pitched. On the morrow we must separate. As the last notes of the evening bugle echoed in the surrounding hills, we realized that our train had reached its goal and that the morrow's sun would find us separating from each other for our new duties and stations. The expedition was at last a thing of the past—disbanded.

Dr. W. T. Parker at 17 yrs. of age in the U. S. Army Medical Dept. as First Class Hospital Steward, U. S. A.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL IN THE SIXTIES.

Fifty years ago our schoolboy geographies showed a great expanse of almost unmapped region, named "the great American desert!" It may be said to have extended from 95 degrees to 105 degrees longitude west and from 30 degrees to 49 degrees north latitude.

In the spring of 1867 rumors were received from all quarters of a renewal of Indian hostilities and attacks on the principal emigrant routes increased to such an extent that it required the utmost activity on the part of the troops to keep open communication with our territories, and protect working parties on the important railroads then in process of construction.

Since the Indian commission provided by act of July 20th, 1864, commenced its labors the operation of troops had been confined to the defensive, and they were principally engaged in guarding the more important posts. Department commanders visited the scenes of hostilities in person and made every effort with the means at hand to afford protection.

In 1867 some of the most powerful tribes of Indians were active on the Great Plains and the Santa Fe trail came in for its share of attention from the Sioux, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Apaches of the Plains, Comanches, "Dog Warriors" and other bands of Indians.

"The amount of freight carried by caravans from the Missouri river to Santa Fe, New Mexico, as early as 1860 was estimated at more than thirty-six million pounds, and emigrants with goods and stock made constant travel over the famous trail, enduring the hardships and surmounting the difficulties and dangers, continued through the 60's to brave all these dangers, as well as traders and merchants carrying great supplies to the southwest."

The great American desert as we saw it then for the first time in '67 has disappeared. In its place to-day we find great pasture lands, farms, villages, towns and cities. Where we marched slowly and amid sufferings and dangers, we can pass along the same route reclining comfortably in the chairs of a parlor car, and in an hour pass the camping places of days "in the Sixties!"

But the thousands who have come from far away homes to make a home in Kansas and New Mexico, know little of the battle which was fought to secure the West to civilization. In the old frontier days the great plain was only sparsely protected by the so-called, "forts," and the feeble garrisons had self preservation ever in necessity, although the needs of the weaker added increasing trials and dangers to situations often desperate. The chain of forts began with Leavenworth, a strong and secure garrison, then westward to Riley, also safe in its strength, but beyond, the little forts of Harker, Larned, Zarah, Dodge, Lyon, and Bent's fort, were by no means secure. Along the Santa Fe trail the anxious emigrants rested with thankful hearts near these little stations, and renewed their preparations to continue the westward journey. These forts had

been constructed at heavy expense, and with great toil and hardship by the soldiers who worked like day laborers in their construction, in addition to their military duties. The Santa Fe trail was the artery which nourished much of this important region. The forts could be found only at infrequent intervals from Fort Leavenworth in Eastern Kansas, down to Fort Union in New Mexico, and beyond Santa Fe the "trail" continued past Fort Craig. And beyond the Rio Grande stretched the grim "Jornada del Muerto," the journey of death, nearly a hundred miles, where, after reaching Fort Selden, it continued on to Fort Cummings in Southeastern New Mexico, and 40 or 50 miles further to Fort Bayard, and so on past the deadly Apache pass, and Fort Bowie, into the Arizona desert.

On May 22nd, 1867, a detachment of less than 400 men, mostly recruits for the famous 3rd U. S. Cavalry, which had been stationed for so many months in the southwest, and already famous as Indian fighters—marched out of Fort Leavenworth en-route for New Mexico. At Fort Riley the remainder of the expedition joined and proceeded westward under command of Major Whiting. Among the officers were Surgeon Peters, Paymaster Rochester, Captain Lieber, Quartermaster's Department, and Lieutenants Hildebran, P. F. Young, D. H. Quinby, Thompson and Charles Morris (now colonel U. S. army), and some members of the noncommissioned staff of the army, pay and medical departments. There were several ladies traveling with the command, some of them brides going to join their husbands at lonely frontier stations. Many of the great army wagons carried army sup-

plies, arms and ammunition, and a large amount of money; 300 led horses also added great attractions for our alert Indian enemies. Of the cavalrymen less than 50 were veterans, and only 21 were known as "picked men" for scouting and flank work. The recruits were below the average, and among them many reckless characters, some of whom were regular horse thieves who had enlisted at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., bent only on adventure and horse stealing; of these several who deserted with horses were captured and killed by Indians. Desertions and loss of horses, arms and equipments, etc., began soon after leaving Fort Riley and continued in spite of the presence of large bodies of hostile Indians until the crossing of the Arkansas, below Bent's Fort, on the Santa Fe trail.

Indians were continually threatening and at the Cimarron Crossing, such a large number of Sioux, Cheyennes, Apaches of the Plains, Blackfeet, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Dog Warriors, and other Indians had collected that the odds were reckoned as "ten to one!" Most of the men, as already stated, were unfit to meet such an overwhelming force of well-armed and well-mounted Indians. The day and night at the Cimarron was a time of great anxiety and danger. The camp was formed as usual, three sides of a square resting on the river, with army wagons in double line, and in the hollow square the ambulances for the women, the long rope lines for the cavalry horses, the mules tied to the wagons. Three strong pickets were posted, in one of which the writer spent most of the night, right rear, right center and right advance, with a guard on the river, and the entire command rested on their arms

throughout the night prepared for immediate action.

As we had an experienced Indian fighter in Major Whiting, our commander, we crossed the plains with all possible discipline and caution, and ever ready to meet attack and avoid surprises or ambush. The wagon masters were prepared to form a large oval with the wagons, within which ambulances, horses and soldiers could find shelter. This movement could be carried out on the march immediately upon given signals. Far out on our right flank rode in advance our most trusty scouts, and flankers of picked men. The advance guard of cavalrymen led the column. It would be the rearguard to-morrow, and between, squadrons of cavalry, divisions of our army train, wagons and ambulances and extra led cavalry horses. To our left was the great Arkansas river. It was quite a formidable looking column, but unfortunately we had no cannon.

The daily life varied little. We had our reveille at 3 o'clock in dangerous regions, and by dawn all the tents were stored in the wagons and the entire command in the saddle moving out of our old camp ground while our Indian foes cautiously crept up to our smouldering fires looking for our leavings. We never exchanged shots with them, nor even shouts, but we watched each other in silence ready for an emergency.

The command marched on the average three miles an hour, for although we were of a cavalry command, the pace is ever set by the mule wagons, which is usually three miles an hour, although often less. Some days we could only travel 12 miles during the entire march owing to heavy or rough roads, or dangerous surroundings, or the delay incident to

fording, or accidents on the trail. Other days we would march our average 21 miles. Guard mount was in the afternoon, following sick call, and early evening found us with lights out, resting on the beds of army blankets spread on the prairie grass. Now and then a sudden rain storm would strike the tents, and add confusion and discomfort to camp life.

Once owing to a sudden rise of water, we lost two troopers by drowning, and also several wagons loaded with army supplies were stuck in the mud and abandoned. Once some wagons were saved only by sacrificing bags of sugar and flour. On one occasion the commanding officer discovered that a plan had been formed by some desperate characters among the recruits to seize by force and carry off the wagons supposed to contain the money which the paymaster was taking to New Mexico, but our old Indian fighter was ready for the conspirators and the plan was foiled.

On the march oats and corn gave out and the horses and mules fared poorly for a time with no other food than prairie grass and muddy water. The soldiers' clothing and boots wore out and "gunny sacks" used as armless sweaters, and rags tied about the feet had to answer the need. Food became scarce and soaked hard tack was a luxury. Our camp fire fuel was mostly "buffalo chip," dried dung, of which vast quantities then covered the great prairies, as did also the white bones of the buffalo, and not infrequently we found human bones telling of possible "battle and murder and sudden death."

The following letter from Colonel Morris, U. S. army, is interesting in this connection:

"I was one of the officers that accompanied Major Whiting's command to New Mexico in 1867. Besides the officers you mention (Quinby, Thompson, Rochester, Dr. Peters and Young) there was a Lieut. Hildebran of the cavalry and Capt. Lieber, a military store keeper of the Q. M. Department. I remember very well that eventful day and night at the Cimarron Crossing. In our efforts to make the 300 odd horses take the water and cross to the opposite shore, the quartermaster-sergeant and myself, being the only ones mounted at the time, were carried back from the river with the herd that stampeded. The fleetness of our horses enabled the sergeant and myself to lead the stampeded animals back to the picket line, the trumpeters sounding "Stable call!" Our predicament was far more serious than we at the time realized it to be, for had the Indians, that we knew to be numerous and aggressive, attacked us with our command divided as it was, I believe they could have captured everything on their side of the river. (Note—I believe the Indians numbered between three and four thousand, outnumbering us as one to 10.—W. T. P.) Our experience at Fort Zarah was, perhaps, as disquieting as any we had, for there we found ourselves encamped on the rim, as it were, of a basin, with Walnut Creek rushing around us, and gradually rising until its waters rose to within a few scant inches of the confining banks, but happily subsided before its waters engulfed us. I have often reflected on the many escapes we had on that eventful march.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) CHARLES M——."

August 2nd, 1846, Kearney's American army left Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. The route was nearly identical with the later line of stages which traveled amid dangers of every kind, down into New Mexico. It differed but slightly from that of the modern Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. The crossing is made a short distance below the fort. The trail leads on to Trinidad and Raton's pass, and here is the glorious view of the New Mexico plains, a sight worth months of dangers to witness.

The country, if its glories could be rightly described, should bring countless thousands to enjoy its lifegiving climate and its many opportunities to acquire more than a mere living.

The valley of the Purgatory river, The Picatoire, a curruption of the "Purgatoire," and called by soldiers and plainsmen the "picket wire." The trail frequently crosses the remarkably winding river.

A little to the left of the trail, after the valley is reached, rises the famous wagon mound where many a bloody battle has been fought between Indian tribes and by white men holding Indians at bay.

From here on to Fort Union there was no garrison, and the trail was wide and open and comparatively safe.

This garden spot of New Mexico has almost forgotten the hardships and dangers of the 60's.

Men like Richard Worten, "Uncle Dick," who kept a "hotel" up the Raton mountain, and old Jim Bridger, helped to solve many dubious questions in the building of the earlier transcontinental lines. They acted their part in aiding to map out railway routes, and they had helped establish

the pony express, and had been pilots for wagon trains and government expeditions like Kit Carson, Bent, Billy Dixon, Amos Chapman, James Hickok, and many other heroes of the plains.

The district of New Mexico was a portion of the Department of the Missouri, whose headquarters was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the district of New Mexico, headquarters were at Santa Fe, with Brevet Major-General, George W. Getty in command. He was colonel of the new colored regiment, the 37th Infantry.

The Fra Christobal entrance of the Jornada del Muerto (del los Muertos) is reckoned at 946 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Dona Ana, a Mexican town, is 95 miles from Fra Christobal. The famous Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas is 492 miles from Fort Leavenworth.

The Fra de los Caballos mountains are to the right and westward of the famous Journey of Death. Jornada del Muerto, after crossing the Rio Grande river, below what was in Indian days, Fort Craig. The soldiers reckoned the "99 miles, without wood, water or grass," from Fort Craig, the northernmost point of the Jornada, to Fort Selden, the southernmost point. Three halting points on the grave-decked trail of the "dead man's journey" gave the only relief of dreariness—the "Alamand," because some Germans tried to dig a well and were surprised and killed by Indians; the "Water holes," because sometimes a little water collected there for a short time after a heavy rain, and lastly, on the lower third of the trail, below where it branched off to lonely Fort McRae, near the Ojo del Muerto, the "Spring of Death," was the famous "Point of

Rocks," the chosen lair for the Indians when they tried to jump a wagon train or other travelers on the Jornada. Graves along the roadside were plentiful near this place.

Beyond Fort Selden the trail crossed the Rio Grande again, and 65 miles of lonely, dangerous trail extended to the Cook's Canon and Fort Cummings Pony Express station. Here was a veritable walled garrison. A somewhat pretentious front of "doby" (adobe) walls, with archway on either side of which were guard rooms, gave the fort an ancient look, which made the American flag floating from the tall flagstaff in the center of the parade ground look almost out of place. These walls, about 15 feet in height, extended around the garrison buildings, forming a square, with only one opening, the door in the rear, where a sentry always walked his beat day and night. To the rear of the fort, huge piles of hay for the cavalry of adjacent "forts" were stored. Fort Cummings was the only walled fort of New Mexico in the 60's, and its situation at the mouth of Cook's Canon and upon the trail to Arizona, which it guarded, gave it considerable importance.

Fort Cummings, New Mexico, located at Cook's Spring, in what is now Luna County, was established October 2nd, 1863. It was first garrisoned by Company B, 1st California Infantry volunteers. The post was abandoned October 3rd, 1886, and turned over to the Interior Dept., October 22nd, 1891. Cook's Peak, a rugged mountain 9,000 feet in altitude, towered above the garrison, and was known by all the soldiers under the familiar name of "Old Baldy," from its commonly snow-capped

summit. Deming is the town nearest the old fort, and Silver City is the town near its old comrade, Fort Bayard, 44 miles to the westward. Between these two garrisons was the Rio Miembres, just beyond the long and gloomy Cook's Canon; after leaving Fort Cummings and beyond the Rio Miembres, were the famous Hot Springs which the wild Apaches held in such superstitious veneration that the ranchmen who drank of the mysterious waters were secure from Indian attack as long as they remained by its magic influence.

The fort was designed by General McClellan. Through the archway one could see the two brass cannon pointing directly outward, one each side of the flagstaff, and beyond could be seen the rear door of the fort, and the sentry marching back and forth. The little tin-covered tower, above the guard houses and the arch of the fort, looked like a little pilot house. In this look-out, a sentry watching in all directions for any danger of Indians to the herds and with looking glass could signal the herders to bring the herds back to the corral. Watch was also kept for emigrant trains attacked or followed by Indians or for travelers in peril, and not infrequently the cavalry squad would be sent out to offer protection to harrassed emigrants.

It is impossible for the writer to close this paper without saying a word of praise for the many brave hearts who served on the great plains in the 60's. The "last call" has sounded for most of them, and never more will "boots and saddles" mean the excitement of a possible "affair with Indians."

The veteran soldier of the Indian wars was a soldier worthy of the name, and second to none on

earth for intelligent courage, and fighting ability. There is no "rear" in the fight with Indians, and seldom any cover, and the only certainty is that in case of capture, death by terrible torture will be the ending. The Indians were brave and desperate fighters, and a foe who could develop the real manhood of the frontier soldier.

The names of heroes like Custer and Elliot, and many others will live for all time, but the lesser lights, the unnamed heroes live in the influence which their brave deeds have exerted upon their successors in the American army.

THE JOURNEY OF DEATH.

"Jornada del Muerto."

For those who have not yet forgotten the geography in use in our schools in the early sixties, or even before the war, I will call to remembrance the great tract then known as the "American Desert," said to be "inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians!" That tract of land is now what might be called the "Lost Desert." Thriving towns and even cities have almost miraculously appeared, where only a few years ago the brave frontiersman kept keen eye and cool nerve in a struggle for existence against the cruel aboriginal. Following down the "Great Divide" far to the southward for many days' journey in New Mexico, we arrived at the little village of Christobal. Here is the peaceful flowing muddy stream of world-wide celebrity, the Rio Grande, and beyond is the gloomy *Jornada del Muerto* or Journey of Death. This is a tract of desert plain land south of Fort Craig and north of Fort Selden, New Mexico, nearly 100 miles long. It is bounded on the east by the distant Sierra Blanca Mountains, and on the west by the Sierra Caballa and Sierra de Frey Christobal. For seventy-five miles it is devoid of wood, water and grass. A veritable "deadly way" it used to be, and on its flat surface the Indians in the mountains could easily discover a train or party of emigrants, and

plan to intercept and capture them with little, if any, danger to themselves. For the white men there was no possible chance for escape. The Apaches never take prisoners except for purposes of terrible torture, unless we except the fate of women and children.

There used to be three halting places on this desert in the old times of stages and mail wagons, called the "Aleman," "Water-holes" ("Leguna del Munto"), and "Point of Rocks." The last and most southerly was the most dangerous and the most dreaded The water-holes, after a rainy season, sometimes held a little water, and the "Aleman," the northern halting place, was once inhabited by a German family, who dug a well and built a cabin, but they were all massacred by Indians and the well filled up. A lonely, terrible journey it used to be, as its name suggested, and on its road side could be seen the graves of many a poor traveler who had been murdered by Indians and buried later by succeeding travelers.

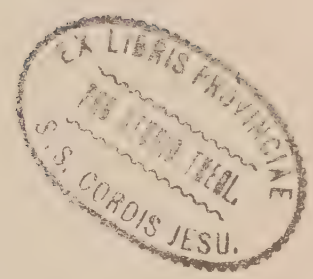
I started from Fort Craig, one afternoon, to cross the Jornada—the only passenger in the mail coach. We had no conductor, so that the driver and myself were quite alone.

In front of us rode, in a spring wagon, a guard or escort of colored soldiers. After crossing the Rio Grande, below Fort Craig, I noticed the driver was getting more and more under the influence of liquor, and a full bottle of some vile compound from the post trader which he had purchased just before starting did not seem to promise well for any chance of his return to soberness. To my dismay, the colored escort kept far in advance, and the

distance between their wagon and ours was momentarily increasing. Once I thought I would hail them and request their non-commissioned officer in charge to stay nearer the stage. The driving of our stage became more and more careless, and after an hour or two of this misery, a shower came up accompanied by thunder and lightning. The mules behaved badly, and when at last a sharp squall struck us, they turned suddenly to the left, and in spite of the clumsy efforts of the driver to restrain them, broke the tongue of the stage short off, and not till then would they come to a standstill. The last I had seen of the escort, they were huddled together with their blankets over their heads, to keep off the rain, and after the mules had quieted down I looked up for them, but they were then nearly out of sight. I fired my pistol several times to attract their attention, but they neither halted or looked around. The situation was gloomy in the extreme. I was practically alone on the terrible Jornada, and in the condition best suited to attract Indians, i. e., in distress with a large target in the shape of the stage to attract attention. My escort was worthless, and my only companion in the shape of a human being was now sound a sleep. I soon jumped out and unharnessed the mules, hitching one to each wheel, and having succeeded in capturing and demolishing the cursed whiskey bottle and what remained of its contents, I went to work to try to repair the damages received by the stage. A rope being at hand, I tried to splice, first tying one end to the axle and then to the end of the tongue, and then trying to splice the broken portions together. I kept my eyes well open and feared that I should

soon be another victim for Apache cruelty. Looking up in the midst of my work, I saw, to my horror, some figures approaching from a direction which did not suggest the road. I tried to rouse the stupid and worthless driver, but all my efforts failed, and even the words: "The Indians are coming," seemed to have no terrors for him. I got in and carefully loaded my only revolver, determined to die bravely and also determined *never* to be taken alive. Anxiously I watched the bold advance of the enemy, who approached without any caution, and I accounted for this in believing that they knew how weak our party must be and feared not to approach. A turn in their course and a rising of the ground disclosed to my eye the waving of a cape. No, it must be a blanket! No, it is a cape! They are soldiers! And I sprang out, and in my youthful joy and gratitude ran forward to meet them, and ready to weep at my deliverance. The newcomers were of the regular army; a cavalry officer and trooper crossing the lonely Jornada to their post, Fort McRae—established by Captain Grant in 1863—a little off the road to the right of the Point of Rocks, not far from the celebrated *ojo del muerto* or spring of death. How glad I was to see them, and they, when the stage first came into their sight, had hastened on, wondering what had happened. The escort had not turned back, but my new found friends took hold and repaired the broken tongue, and as the driver came to his senses he got a precious sharp lesson from the officer for his miserable conduct. We started again on our journey, and at Water Holes found our escort calmly waiting for us. When we reached Fort Selden, the

non-commissioned officer lost his stripes for neglect of duty, I believe, and so the experience on the Jornada was ended much more satisfactorily than it promised at its beginning.



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THE SENTINEL OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

"The topography of New Mexico is said to be composed of loftly plateaus and crossed by mountain ranges enclosing broad and fertile valleys. Two divisions of the Rocky Mountains are prominent: that on the east, and the higher, ending abruptly near Santa Fe; the western, or Sierra Madre range, passing through in a series of lower, and often detached, mountains to join the Sierra Madre range of Mexico. High table-lands, isolated peaks and deep canons characterize the western side. The Rio Grande valley descends from an elevation of nearly six thousand feet near the Colorado border to three thousand feet in the south. Several mountain peaks have an elevation of twelve thousand feet."

In Grant County, in the southern portion of New Mexico, one of these isolated peaks known as Cook's Peak, but by the soldiers quite familiarly as "Old Baldy," is situated at the southern extremity of a typical New Mexican canon upon whose rugged sides are still to be found the skeletons of northern and southern soldiers who fought a battle in its lonely fastnesses. Here, too, in this canon many an emigrant train and lonely hunter have met death at the hands of the cruel Apaches. It was in this same canon that a stagecoach carrying six men fell into

an ambush of Indians. They turned the stage over on its side and fought for days, holding off murderous Apaches under the command of the famous Cochise, until at last famished and exhausted from lack of water, their ammunition expended, the Indians closed in upon them and cut their throats. Cochise said that with a hundred such men he could drive all the palefaces west of the Mississippi back to their homes where they belonged.

This was a famous old canon and many adventures come to mind as I see in my mind "Old Baldy," more often snow-capped than not, rising as a veritable sentinel of the southwest and towering high above the little garrison of Fort Cummings so often at the mercy of its Apache enemies. Between "Old Baldy's Peak" and the garrison was a ranch for pony express riders where they changed their horses and had time to get a little nourishment. Here relief riders took the mail and dashed up the canon crossing the Mimbres at Mimbres, dashing on from thence past the hot springs to Fort Bayard, forty-four miles away.

One of those pony express riders met with a sad fate. The writer had gone to Mimbres from Fort Cummings with an escort of two or three troopers to take medicine to the sick at Mimbres and upon his return to Fort Cummings reported that he had not seen any Indians, but that the pony express rider, Charlie Young, had not yet reached Mimbres. This created considerable excitement at the garrison because Charles was a popular pony express rider. He had been well educated in a western university and his family were prominent people in St. Louis, but through evil associations he had lost consider-

able money and had volunteered to the pony express director for the position of a rider in New Mexico. He was a brave and companionable man, said to be a fearless rider and a crack shot, so when his absence was reported the commanding officer sent a search party to hunt for his remains. Far beyond Cook's gloomy canon and quite a distance from the trail they found his naked, mutilated body. Everything had been taken, including his scalp. The soldiers returned with his remains which were washed and put in a little rough coffin and buried in the lonely post cemetery where I trust they repose in peace to-day.

Much of the wood of the garrison was obtained at Cook's Canon under the shadows of "Old Baldy." A detachment of from sixteen to twenty men with a detail as guard, and all well armed, would take wagons and go into the canon and procure whatever wood they could for the garrison. Upon one occasion some colored soldiers who had lately arrived from the southern states came on a party of Apache Indians. So suddenly did they meet each other that the Indians concluded it was a military force sent against them and the colored soldiers concluded that the Indians were looking for them, so both Indians and soldiers beat a hasty retreat and the officers in a very unamiable frame of mind drove back to the garrison alone in the wagons.

In every direction around old Fort Cummings we could see our wily foe, the Apaches, forever watching us. Some mornings we would find their tracks upon the parade ground where they had scaled the wall, crossed through the garrison, and scaled the other wall without being observed. It was strictly

against the rules for any soldier to leave the garrison without permission, and hunting parties in the canon usually consisted of at least a dozen men, but one time when few Indians had been seen and things seemed quiet, so far as Apaches were concerned, the writer obtained permission to ride out alone for a little rabbit shooting. Mounted on a good horse with a Sharp's carbine and a Navy Six shooter he rode past the water spring at which the post got its supply of water, past the pony express ranch, and around the base of "Old Baldy" up into the canon, one beautiful quiet afternoon, without an Indian anywhere in sight. Gaining confidence from the silence and the pleasure of the ride he turned to the left and penetrated a little canon. In a few minutes, comparatively speaking, he found himself in the midst of a lot of Apache women setting up tepee poles. Of all the astonished Indians the writer ever saw and of all the astonishment the writer ever endured this was the banner event. The Indians straightened up from their postures with amazement written on their faces, too astonished to make a spring and drag the rider from his horse. The rider after a pause, which seemed very long to him, turned his horse completely around and vigorously using the spurs and bending low on the horse's neck he dashed towards the main canon with the yells of the Indians ringing in his ears, expecting every minute a volley of shots. On the canon trail he saw the weekly buckboard mail wagon traveling towards the garrison. As the buckboard driver took in the situation he whipped up his horses and we dashed to old Fort Cummings with all the speed we could make. So near were the

Indians that the sentinel on the outside of the main entrance fired upon them and others joined in shooting at our late pursuers as they wheeled, and soon they were out of sight round "Old Baldy" and in the recesses of Cook's Canon.

THE PRAIRIE MONITOR.

There are few men living to-day who have any knowledge of the famous prairie monitors which were in use in the "sixties" along the dangerous trail of the "Smoky Hill." In 1867 the railroad penetrated as far as Fort Hays, Kansas, the beginning of the "Smoky Hill" route. The famous Smoky Hill route from Hays City went westward to Wallace and thence on to Lake Station, Colorado Territory. Cedar Point Station, a small outpost garrisoned by a company of the 5th Infantry, was one of those forts in which the enlisted men lived in "dugouts," little cellars, and the officers had their quarters in wall tents built about the sides with rough lumber. The most deadly portion of this trail extended westward through Ellis, Trego, Gove, and Logan counties, over one hundred miles to Fort Wallace, a strong garrison with buildings made of the beautiful yellow stone of western Kansas. At this time in our frontier history the Indians were making very strenuous effort to drive all the whites back from the frontier. Massacres were of frequent occurrence, ranches were burned, the stock driven off, and the families of the hardy frontiersmen were doomed to an imprisonment worse than death. The army details scattered along the frontier were hardly strong enough to maintain their own existence. This state of affairs made staging and the carrying out of mail contracts difficult, and generally dan-

gerous, business. When the Indians were particularly active, an escort of a half dozen soldiers would frequently be provided, but more often the run from stage ranch to stage ranch was an exciting experience, and the driver and the passengers had a running fight with the Indians a large portion of the way. Fortunate the outcome if all got through safe and sound. Sometimes the harrassed passengers hoping for security at the next post-ranch where change of horses and food were usually to be expected, found only the smouldering remains of the buildings, and the mutilated bodies of the defenders. With little or no warning a band of savage Indians would swoop down on a post-ranch, and murder its little garrison, destroy the buildings, and drive off the stock before relief could be obtained.

It was this desperate state of affairs which first suggested the prairie-monitor. This frontier fort which was so often the despair of the Indians, and the protection of the frontiersman, was built after the following general plan: First, an excavation was made, like that for an ordinary cellar, about ten feet deep, fifteen feet long, and averaging ten feet in width. Of course these dimensions varied according to the nature of the ground, and the number of people to be accommodated. The structure itself was hardly noticeable a short distance away, as it was elevated only about sixteen or eighteen inches above the surrounding level or just barely high enough to afford loopholes for the rifles of its garrison. Within planks were placed on barrels or boxes on which they stood to obtain the necessary aim while firing. The roof was made of heavy timbers covered deep with earth

so that the Indians could not dig out "the monitor." Sometimes two of these monitors were constructed so as to connect with each other by means of an underground passage; each had an underground passage leading to a cellar in the ranch-house so that when the defenders of the ranch saw that the time had come, through fire, or the breaking down of the doors by the Indians, for them to look to this refuge for their last hope, they jumped into the cellar, and crawling on their hands and knees through this passage, they reached the monitor. No Indian would dare to follow them in this manner, as a boy with an axe would be sufficient guard. One dead or wounded Indian would block the entrance. It was customary to keep provisions and water, and a reasonable quantity of ammunition, in these monitors to provide for an emergency. The distance of these structures from the ranch depended upon circumstances. Sometimes they were located midway between stable and dwelling with an underground passage connected with each. The object of the double monitors was to provide a crossfire, and to prevent the enemy from digging out the besieged. The siege of such a place was usually of very short duration, as the Indians did not dare to remain long in one location. The last of the monitors must have disappeared years ago, as civilization has advanced in its triumphant westward course.

BILLY DIXON, THE SCOUT.

William Dixon, government scout—such was the official designation.

Col. Dodge, one of our best authorities on the Indians, states that the success of every expedition against Indians depends to a degree on the skill, fidelity and intelligence of the men employed as scouts. For not only is the command habitually dependent on them for good routes and comfortable camps, but the officer in command must rely on them almost entirely for his knowledge of the position and movements of the enemy. Of 50 men so employed, one only may prove to be really valuable. Of the hundreds of men so employed by our government since the war in our Indian campaigns, only a very few have attained distinction. Kit Carson, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Texas Charlie, Amos Chapman, Billy Dixon and a few others are all who have left any lasting impression on my mind.

Billy Dixon was our government scout at Fort Elliott, in the Texan Panhandle. He was well known as a famous Indian scout, and has been in many close places with the Indians, and has performed many valuable services for the United States army.

His scouting grounds were by no means confined to the Panhandle, but one of his most important experiences occurred at what is known as the Adobe

Walls. Col. Bent and Kit Carson established, many years ago, a trading point at this place, about two miles above Bent's Fort, for the purpose of supplying the buffalo hunters who had followed the buffalo down to this point from the north, and whose traffic had become a gigantic affair.

It was at these Walls where a fierce fight took place with Indians. The principal building, known as Rath's store, has been described by Capt. Moses Wiley as "about forty feet long, with two rooms, bastioned and embrasured."

Billy Dixon thus describes the fight which took place in the morning of the 24th day of June, 1874.

"On the morning of the 24th of June, 1874, I was at the Adobe Walls. My buffalo camp was about 25 miles from here, on the south side of the Canadian. I expected to start out that morning on a hunt; and as it was warm weather, I slept out of doors, in front of the saloon, in my wagon. Two men that were to have gone with me slept in the saloon. Our horses were grazing in the bottom, toward the creek. My own riding horse was picketed close to my wagon. About daylight, the men sleeping in the saloon were awakened by the cracking of the ridgepole, and, thinking it was not worth while to go to sleep again, woke me in order to get an early start. One man started after the horses, and had gone but a short distance, when he gave the alarm of 'Indians!' Looking in that direction, I saw a large number of them crossing the bottom, and as soon as they saw that they were discovered, they gave the warwhoop and came on a charge.

"I did not think at the time that they intended to attack, but only that they were after our horses.

I therefore ran to my own horse, tied him to my wagon, and then got my gun. By this time the Indians were within a hundred yards. I could then understand their intention was to attack the houses.

"I began firing at them, and retreated into the saloon. There were seven of us in this building, and we fought there for some time, before the men in the other buildings got roused up. We killed a good many Indian horses between the saloon and the store. The Indians in their charge passed between the buildings. There were from three to five hundred of them, and they completely surrounded us. They did their best to force in the doors, but our steady fire drove them off. They retreated to the hills, about 800 yards away. From here they kept up a continuous firing, in order to aid their friends who had lost their horses and so could not escape.

"Whenever a volley would be fired, the dismounted Indians would rise from the ground, and run 15 or 20 steps toward the hills, and then drop in the grass again to hide from our fire. In this manner a good many of them got away. Twenty-eight men kept these red devils at bay; three of the white men were killed. Two of them were the Shadley brothers, who were sleeping in their wagon, and were found dead when we were able to go out and look around us. We buried all three in one grave, near the place where the Shadley wagon stood.

"The fighting lasted from about daybreak until the middle of the afternoon. During most of the time we were firing at a distance of from two to three hundred yards. Two Indians were killed and left on the field at close range. Two were killed to

the east of the building, and one near the Shadley wagon. This one is supposed to have been the Indian who killed the Shadleys, as he had plundered the wagon and was making off with some goods when he was shot.

"About 75 yards to the rear of the store was a large pile of buffalo hides, and while the fight was in progress I noticed an Indian horse standing by it, and could also see the head dress or feathers of an Indian, as though he were hugging very close to the hides. I fired at his feathers, and he dodged around to the other side of the pile; this brought him within range of the guns from Rath's house, and he was forced to dodge back again. In this manner we kept him in hot water about ten minutes. I then fired at his horse, which dropped at the crack of the gun.

"I could then see the Indian a little plainer, or rather could tell better where he was standing, behind the pile of hides, by his head feathers. I was shooting a buffalo gun, known as Sharp's big fifty. Guessing at his position as well as I could, I fired right through the hides at him. I must have scorched him, for he immediately broke from his hiding place, ran about 15 steps, and then dropped in the grass. He gave a short yelp like a coyote at every jump. After the fight was over, we found nine dead Indians lying within a space of a hundred yards square. When we had got rid of the Indians around the buildings, we began firing at long range and drove them out of sight over the hills.

"I went over from the saloon to Rath's building and found they had barricaded the door with sacks of flour. While looking out from this position, I

noticed something wrong at the base of the hills, about 800 yards away. I fired several shots before I could get the range right, and then the object stopped moving. When the fight was over, I went out to see what it was I had been shooting at, and found it was a dead Indian. He had his knee crushed with a bullet, and had crawled and dragged himself a quarter of a mile, when I hit him a center shot through the breast and finished him.

"It is impossible to say what the loss of the Indians amounted to, but I think it must have been very heavy, for besides the 13 dead ones left on the field, there were found behind the hills many indications of wounded Indians. At one place, a lot of clothing, such as moccasins, leggings, blankets, etc., had been cut up and destroyed. The fragments were bloody, and from these indications I judge that many of the Indians had died of their wounds, and their effects were destroyed because they could not be carried off. The warriors were from the Comanches, Klowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. Their object was to plunder the stores, as they had learned that there were large quantities of ammunition there. The previous night, one of the medicine men of the Comanches had held a medicine dance to determine the advisability of attacking the place, and had declared in favor of it, telling the Indians that the medicine was so strong that all thy would have to do was to ride up and knock their intended victims on the head while asleep.

"They came very near succeeding. Had they been 15 minutes earlier, or had it not been for the cracking of the ridge log in the saloon, which aroused the sleepers, their medicine would have been a success."

CONCERNING ARROW WOUNDS.

Although many of our Indian tribes are at present armed with the most perfect modern breech-loading rifles in the 60s, the arrow was the favorite weapon of Indian warriors. Swift, silent, accurate, and deadly, it possessed for their purposes many advantages either for the chase or for warfare.

The arrow, one of the oldest of weapons, seems to have nearly outlived its usefulness, and no doubt will soon exist only in museums or in the gentle sport of archery, but it was an implement of Indian warfare worthy of consideration. By our soldiers stationed on the frontier, and inured to constant Indian forays, it was regarded with the greatest aversion, the most dreaded of all missiles to which they were exposed. A single scratch from one of these terrible implements was more to be feared than a bullet-wound. In one of our frontier hospitals a soldier died in great suffering from what seemed to be a very superficial flesh-wound across the chest, made by an arrow in a skirmish with Indians. The arrow was left on the field, and so it was quite impossible to determine the nature of the poison; but that he was the victim of a poisoned arrow admits of little doubt. The supposition that the Indian shoots his arrows carelessly and wastefully is erroneous. It is possible for

the expert marksman to discharge arrows rapidly, but it requires too much time and labor to make a perfect arrow; and, even if the Indian were not inclined to laziness, materials for arrow-making are usually too scarce to allow of much waste of such valuable ammunition in action. The arrow can be shot with as much precision as our modern revolvers, and at one hundred yards is a deadly weapon. The arrow flies with great swiftness, and has great penetrating power. Several specimens in the Army Medical Museum show how deeply an arrow-head can perforate bone. A soldier rode into Fort Cummings, New Mexico, chased by Apaches. He had received one or two wounds, from the effects of which he died, and in the tree of the saddle he rode upon, an arrow-head was so firmly imbedded as to defy removal by hand.

The arrow of the American Indian is indeed skilfully prepared, light, straight, and strong. The shaft contains carefully-made grooves, to allow the blood to escape easily. Each tribe, and even each warrior, has easily-recognized devices on the shaft, so that they are able to determine from whom the arrow came. To secure the necessary feathering requires skillful fingers; but perhaps the best work on the arrow is shown in the attachment of the head to the shaft. After carefully drying and straightening the shaft, a slot is made into which the arrow-head is carefully fitted and bound with wet sinew. The drying of the fibres contracts until the arrow-head is secure.

Many of the best arrow-heads were manufactured in the Eastern States and sold to Indians through the traders, or even issued by Indian agents; but

they were mostly made from scraps of iron hooping, of flint stone, bone, glass, wood, etc. Many agricultural implements, presented to the Indians by admiring Eastern philanthropists, furnished admirable opportunities for the manufacture of countless quiverfuls of arrows.

The attachment of the arrow-head, although secure while dry, rapidly loosens when wet, and it is on this account that it is almost impossible to remove shaft and head from a wound. The head is almost certain to become detached and remain hidden or firmly embedded in the wound.

But if the Indian has shown considerable skill in the manufacture of the arrow, he also possessed remarkable surgical ability in removing an arrow from the wound.

The removal was effected by taking a willow stick and carefully splitting it and rubbing it as smooth as possible; then the pith is carefully cleaned out, and the ends rounded to present as little obstacle as possible in following the wound-track. One stick was introduced very carefully to reach and cover the uppermost fang of the head, and the other to cover the lower fang, and when both are properly adjusted the outer ends are bound to the shaft of the arrow, and all are carefully and slowly withdrawn. When it was possible to push the arrow through until the head is exposed and cut off, it was done; the shaft could then be drawn backward easily. No traction should ever be made with the shaft unless the head has been removed; for the least effort in this direction is sure to loosen it and leave the head in the wound, thereby adding increased dangers to a wound already serious.

Much difference of opinion seems to exist concerning the poisoning of arrows, and many deny that the American Indian intentionally poisons his arrows; nevertheless it is generally admitted that most of our Indian tribes practice the art of arrow-poisoning and show considerable devilish ingenuity in doing so. In the first place, we must consider that all tribes held more or less secret all that related to the education of the warrior, and it was not surprising that the mysteries of arrow-poisoning were not so lightly valued as to enable any one to become familiar with the process. It was very naturally a secret which few warriors would care to communicate. Many substances were used, and undoubtedly some methods elaborate in disgusting details fail to make the arrow as poisonous as some of the simpler methods seem to do. Some rely upon juices pressed from poisonous plants, into which not only the heads but the shafts also are dipped, and others use animal substances and fluids, like rotten flesh and putrid blood, even reserving portions of dead enemies for this purpose, although this last method is very rare indeed. Some use a combination—for instance, a liver and mashed serpents' heads—but generally each warrior or family have their own secret method of poisoning, as well as of preparing the "medicine" to make the arrow deadly.

Perhaps the commonest method and least secret of all was to take a beef's liver and stick it full of arrows, like pins in a pin-cushion, and leave it in the sun until the animal mass had rotted away. M Hoffman* has stated regarding "poisoned arrows," at a recent seance of the Societe d'Anthropologie, that "the Apaches bruise up the heads of rattle-

snakes with fragments of deer's liver, allow the mass to become putrid, then dip the arrow-points, and allow them to dry slowly." He also mentions the use of poisonous plants, i. e., the "Spanish bayonet," also red ants pounded together, and other methods.

Besides being more elaborately decorated, if not certainly poisoned, the war arrow differed in make from the plainer hunting arrow. The head of the war arrow is shorter and broader than that of the hunting arrow, and is attached to the shaft at right angles with the slot which fits the bowstring, the object of this being to allow the arrow in flight more readily to pass between the human ribs, while the head of the hunting arrow, which is long and narrow, is attached perpendicularly to the slot, to allow it to pass readily between the ribs of the running buffalo.

These arrows are also used for conveying fire, either in considerable masses to set fire to hay or to inflammable buildings, or as signals at night. The writer was once with an expedition crossing the plains, and at Cimarron Crossing the whole command was surrounded by large numbers of Indians, who during the night seemed to be in communication with each other from one side of the river to the other by means of fire-arrows.

All these details which I have mentioned show how skilfully the Indian arrow was made, and also what a formidable weapon it must be in the hands of experienced and crafty marksmen.

The following remarkable case illustrates the fact that, while the simplest arrow-wounds may prove mortal, recovery can follow a wound which from its very nature seemed certainly to have no other than a fatal result in prospect:

While passing through the little town of Trinidad, Colorado, some years ago, I was called to see a man who had received a severe and apparently desperate arrow-wound through the right chest in a skirmish with Indians a day or two before. The arrow had penetrated quite through the right lung. Either the arrow-head had passed quite through between the posterior ribs in the first instance, or had nearly done so, and had finally been pushed out (probably by some one familiar with arrow-wounds). At any rate, enough had passed through to allow of detaching the head from the shaft, and then the shaft itself had been withdrawn the entire length of the wound.

Some hemorrhage had followed this rough surgery, but how much I was unable to ascertain, and the shock, which had at first prostrated the patient, had been recovered from. I found the patient, a strong, young man, in bed, apparently comfortable, and without cough. He seemed to have little if any serious pain, but his countenance exhibited suffering. I ordered cold-water compresses, and left some Dover's powders to be taken at intervals, and I also left some quinine and a couple of bottles of wine for his convalescence. Some months afterwards I met the man in robust health, driving a Rocky Mountain four-horse stage-coach, and with only the external marks of his desperate wound remaining. I understood from him that his recovery had been rapid and without any further hemorrhage or other drawbacks. He seemed to have the free use of his lungs also.

Surgeon Bill, U. S. A., has contributed to Ashhurst's "International Encyclopedia of Surgery" a

most interesting article on arrow wounds. * He says that "arrow-wounds penetrating the chest and wound-the lung, although serious, are by no means mortal. * * * If the patient survives the period of hemorrhage the prognosis is favorable, for the consecutive inflammation is usually trifling, and requires no treatment beyond placing the patient at rest and affording a supply of pure warm air." He also directs that "if the head of the arrow has passed from one side of the chest to the other, it should not be operated upon with a view to removal backward, but should be pushed forward between the ribs until the head can be detached from the shaft, and then the shaft withdrawn." Dr. Bill also states that "if the head of the arrow has been left in the lung tissue, nothing can probably be done for the patient." In Dr. Bill's table of arrow-wounds of the chest, he shows that in eighteen cases there were thirteen deaths—about 72 per cent. There were five recoveries.

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*W. T. P. in Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter, July 28, 1883.

INDIAN REVENGE.

The spirit of revenge, strong as it is in all human beings, is peculiarly noticeable in our North American Indians.

Yet "Lex talionis," or the law of retaliation, is by no means confined to savages; its recognition is more or less universal. Civilization, and even the gentle influences of religion, cannot wholly eradicate it. We witness its existence every day in our courts of justice, and in the ordinary affairs of human life.

In the ancient government of the Indian tribes the chief was a despot, armed with the powers of a czar. He held in his hand while in power the property, and even the life, of each individual of his tribe. He might take the life of his dog, his horse, or of his wife, unchallenged, since they were his own property; but should he do this with the "belongings" of another, he was forced to pay a fine in pelts or ponies. If in his anger he killed a man, there was no law so far as the tribe was concerned, but the penalty of death hung over him like a cloud, and any one of the relatives of his victim would be justified in demanding a duel, or even in waylaying and killing him as one would a beast.

These avengers of blood, when once started, might continue perpetuating the blood feud until the tribe would become crippled through this system of revenge. So when in battle one tribe had killed mem-

bers of another, the deadly hostility was nurtured for generations before the hatchet would be buried.

In 1879 the Sioux, who had been for generations the natural enemies of the Chippewas, buried the hatchet with elaborate ceremonies at Devil's Lake, in Dakota, whither prominent men of each tribe had assembled for that purpose.

It was in this same year that my duties took me to White Earth Reservation, occupied by the Mississippi bands of the Ojibway Indians. As I approached the agency my attention was attracted by a lonely grave, over which banners were waving, and upon making inquiries as to this, to me, unusual sight, I was informed that it was the grave of the great chief "Holè-in-the-Day," the famous warrior of the Chippewas, who, although he had fought in many bloody encounters with the enemies of his people, had at last been laid low by the knife of one of his own tribe. The banners were waving over his grave, grim tokens that his murderer still lived, and that the deed was unavenged.

It appears that "Hole-in-the-Day," although the head chief, and a man distinguished for his courage as a soldier and his wisdom as a counselor, had discarded his native Indian wife and had allied himself with a white woman. This act gave offence to some of the Indians, who hated the palefaces, and his tragic end was the result.

At the present time this law of retaliation is no longer countenanced by the United States Government. Unruly and arbitrary chiefs are deposed.

HYGIENE AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

In considering the manners and customs of our Indians, we must remember that while the term Indian conveys to our mind a certain idea as to general characteristics, Indian tribes differ from each other in appearance, manners and customs as widely as the tribes of "pale-faces" differ from each other. Writers, in describing our aborigines, have often made this mistake, detailing the customs of one tribe as if they were descriptive of all Indian tribes. We can readily understand how so many mistakes are made in this manner. This is well illustrated when we consider the subject of the disposal of the dead. One tribe may dispose of them by fire on a funeral pile; another by preparing them to become mummies, then by burial in caves in sitting postures; still others elevate their dead on platforms or in trees, and perhaps the more civilized encoffin them in birch-bark and bury in the earth. Many characteristics of Indians are found in all of the tribes, while some particular features are found only in certain tribes.

The custom of building large fires in the vicinity of newly-made graves may suggest the idea of the hygienic value of fire. How much it acts as a powerful disinfectant in preventing the spread of con-

tagious disease we are not prepared to state, but that it has some such value there can be no doubt.

In making a study of hygiene among the aborigines we shall find much that is interesting. We shall be able to discover the customs which very likely have existed among all primitive peoples. Our native aborigines are undoubtedly superior to any others in existence to-day. Mentally and physically, and we may add morally, too, they are superior to the natives of Central America, South America, Africa, the Islands of the Pacific, and of Asia. To begin with, we find the North American Indian an intelligent, religious, brave and friendly being, possessing strong parental affection, generosity and courage of a high order. With such attributes it is not surprising that we find in him sufficient knowledge to provide for himself suitable food, clothing and shelter. We could also demonstrate that his knowledge of the treatment of disease is of sufficient worth to attract attention. We find that writers who have witnessed the ceremonies of the magicians imagine them to be the true medicine men or doctors of the tribe, thereby totally losing sight of the fact that medical and surgical art among our aborigines contain scientific truths which demand recognition. We must remember that the Indian is very observing and quick to make use of any facts which he may consider of value.

The ordinary home of most of the Plains Indians is called by them a te-pee. It is a conical tent, made of dressed buffalo skins, or of late years, of cotton cloth, supported on a framework of light peeled poles, spread out at the bottom in a circle, and crossed near the top. It is from twelve to eighteen

feet in diameter, and from eight to ten feet high. The covering, of whatever material, is cut into the form of a cone, and sewed tightly, except one straight seam from top to bottom, which is fastened by a lacing from the top to within four or five feet from the ground. The opening thus left is the doorway, the door itself being a buffalo robe or piece of cloth fastened above and left to hang loose, except in bad weather, when it can be tightly stretched by thongs attached to the lower corners. All well-constructed te-pees have an arrangement to prevent the wind blowing down through the opening in the top. These te-pees were often ornamented with paintings representing the history of the head of the lodges, or with representations of various kinds, supposed to be efficacious in keeping away evil spirits."* These te-pees are easily taken down and can be quickly placed in position by those who are accustomed to them. The fire is built in the centre; the smoke is supposed to escape through an aperture in the top. The te-pee is admirably adapted to the wants and necessities of the Indians, its shape secures it from being overturned by winds and storms, and it can be kept warm and comfortable even in the coldest weather by very little fuel, a most important desideratum on the treeless plains. The other kind of lodge is called a wicky-up, temporary hut constructed of small freshly cut poles or wands, large ends stuck in the ground, small ends bent over and fastened together. These he covers with skins, or blankets, or cloth; the interior is only three or four feet high. The te-pee is the permanent resi-

*Colonel Dodge in "Our Wild Indians."

dence of the Indian, and the wicky-up the make-shift sleeping-place on hunts and marches. No matter how tired after the day's march, the Indian will not sleep in the open air if he can possibly avoid it; he must be protected from above. Whether this is a superstition or a habit derived from long experience, it is difficult to state. When asked about it they reply that it is not good to sleep out. The Indians use pillows when at home in their te-pees, made of rolled buffalo robe or of the skins of smaller animals, such as the fox or badger, stuffed with grass. Their beds are piles of buffalo robes or blankets spread upon the ground as close as possible to the outer circumference of the te-pee. These beds serve the double purpose of sleeping-places by night and seats and lounges by day. They are not "made up," though on fine days the bedding may be taken out, shaken and spread in the sun.

The Chippewa wigwam is built of birch-bark, secured to strong wooden frames, about eight feet in height and twenty to thirty feet or more in circumference. Platforms for sleeping-mats two or three feet high circle the wigwam, a bare place in the centre being left for the ever-burning fire, an aperture in the top permits the escape of smoke and secures good ventilation. The reed mats used for carpets are beautiful specimens of Indian work. These wigwams are considered very comfortable even in the coldest winter nights, when the temperature is many degrees below zero. The government has furnished the Indian with windows and doors for his log-cabin, and while with some Indians these homes are considered desirable, they are certainly not as healthy as the te-pee or wigwam. These te-

pees of the Indians are continually being moved about. The squaws attend to the loading and unloading of camp equipage and supplies. Camps are arranged with some degree of order, the "Council Lodge" and te-pees of the chiefs and principal men being pitched in the centre, enclosing a space greater or less according to the number of the lodges. To the rear of each chief's te-pee were the lodges of his followers. The inner circle was the public space, from which were made by criers all announcements of orders and discourses of chiefs and council, notice of movements, and, indeed, everything of public interest. This was the loafing and lounging place for all, as well as for ceremonial dances, etc. The Indian is naturally hospitable, and will share whatever he has to eat with friends or visitors. There are no regular hours for meals, nor is there, as a rule, more than one meal a day. A pot or kettle of meat is put on the fire; when sufficiently boiled it is placed in the centre of the floor, and the inmates of the te-pee crowding round, help themselves with knives or fingers. Some few of the more advanced now use tin or delf plates. Until within a few years, dried buffalo meat was used almost universally in lieu of bread, but the issue of flour, meal and baking powder by the Indian Department, have civilized them so far that bread is almost an absolute necessity. Many of the squaws have learned to make quite good biscuit. "The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. They esteem it so important and divine a grain that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. A

good Indian house-wife provides a goodly store of corn to exercise hospitality and duly honor her husband's guests."—*Schoolcraft.*

The contact with the pale-face has brought about changes in clothing. The Indian retains his well-fitting moccasins, but the handsomely-beaded leggings and the breech clout have been discarded, and in place of them we find them wearing drawers and trousers of modern materials and fashion. The broad belt has been discarded and suspenders are now worn, and instead of the costly hunting-shirt, the "boiled shirt" of civilization and the white man's vest are now universally worn. The blanket, which Indian pride carried with the dignity of the ancient Roman who once wore the toga, has given place to the conventional overcoat. The otter-skin head-gear has been replaced by the ugly Western hat, and in some cases the treasured moccasins have been sold or cast aside to encase the healthy, active feet of Indian braves in cowhide boots. The picturesque attire has so rapidly disappeared even from the Reservation Indians that we can only find some traces of native toggery by visiting a "Wild West Show."

One great stumbling-block towards success in protecting the physical condition of the Indian is to be found in the fact that from an out-of-door life of activity, with plenty of fresh game and wholesome food and clear water, and with a healthful te-pee for his home, he has been placed in log-cabins, overheated with iron stoves, given the poorest quality of flour and salted meat, and, in exchange for an active life, one of idleness. Under these circumstances is it at all remarkable that mentally and physically,

in some instances, he has degenerated. For the Indian, as well as for anyone else, idleness can act only as a serious injury.

Armed, clothed, housed and fed like our wild and erratic frontiersman the Indian has lost much of the old-time life and manner which made him a native American freeman in the literal sense of that term. In his native Indian life he was, indeed, a subject worthy of the artist's picturing, the poet's description, the philanthropist's interest and the brave man's respect. As he is now he cannot fail to inspire in every manly heart feelings of sincere sympathy and genuine regret at his miserable misfortune. If we can atone for the evil we have wrought we shall derive benefit from the sense of a duty undertaken even at this late day.

Boiled meat used to be the favorite food of the Indians of the plains. The Chippewas have venison, prairie chickens and maize, and understand the value of *broiling* meats, but boiling is less trouble for the squaw cooks, and so the Indian dietary is arranged accordingly. Col. Dodge declares that the Indian is a great epicure, knowing the choicest titbits of every animal and just how to cook it to suit his taste. The great fall hunts used to yield him the fullest enjoyment of his appetite. Then were the days spent in all the delights and excitement of the chase and almost all his nights in feasting and revelry. These were the times for "marrow gats," "hump ribs" and "marrow-bones." The large bones of the hind-legs of the buffalo were thrown upon the glowing coals or hidden under hot embers, then cracked between two stones, and the rich, delicious marrow sucked in quantities sufficient to

ruin a white man's stomach forever. Marrow-fat is believed by the Indians to be especially good for the hair, and during the feast the greasy hands are constantly wiped upon his head. The Indian is an enormous feeder, and well-nigh incredible stories are related of the amount of meat one can eat at a single meal.

The Indians understand the value of salt and use is freely, and are also fond of red and black pepper and of tea and coffee. Among Indian hunters the entrails are considered of especial value; bowels, stomach, liver and heart and lungs are all extremely desirable, even when raw. Dog-flesh was popular among all the Indian tribes. It was served cut up in large junks, with skin and hair and entrails all boiled in one huge pot. The Comanches were fond of horse-flesh. The turkey is not considered a desirable dish lest eating it should make the warrior cowardly. Some of our Indian tribes ate the hearts of their brave enemies when they killed them in the battle struggle. This is considered good medicine and is supposed to create additional courage in the partakers. An officer at Fort Bowie, Arizona, was killed while attempting to reach the fort. The Indians who overtook and captured him cut out his heart and ate it in the presence of the horrified garrison, who were powerless to prevent the terrible orgie. At war dances I have often witnessed the act in pantomime of killing and scalping an enemy and cutting out his heart and eating it raw. Even the gurgling noise of sucking up the blood was enacted with terrible distinctness.

MARRIAGE AMONG INDIANS.

A writer on our North American Indians has stated that marriage, the bulwark of our civilized community, is lightly esteemed among savages, and that in some of the tribes communism as to sexual relation prevails, and that virtue and chastity are of little worth.

The writer does not state to which tribes these remarks apply. Evidently his information has been derived very largely from hearsay concerning decayed and disappearing tribes.

In a paper concerning North American Indian womanhood, published in the "Annals of Gynecology," I quoted from others, but I have done so only after years of patient, personal investigation, with an experience dating back years among many different Indian tribes. I must take strong exception to any statement which reflects on the general character of our American Indians. As one writer has stated it: "They are even more virtuous and more strict in regard to the marriage tie than with the whites. Their women are compelled by custom and sentiment to be virtuous. It is positively erroneous to state that 'the sexual appetite in Indians is always the uncontrolled and uncontrollable desire of the wild beast.''

I refer, of course, in my writings, to the full

blooded North American Indians. Statistics with regard to half-breeds are valueless. I have discovered another statement to which I am also obliged to take exception, and it is that "both local and constitutional forms of venereal disease abound among Indian women. The frequency of syphilis coupled with disease are almost synonymous terms." I recognize the fact that this is the popular notion. To judge the merits of statistics, personal experience is necessary, and it is not right to paint our aborigines in such hideous colors.

The great mortality among infants, and the prevalence of glandular and pulmonary disease among many of those who survive infancy, are sometimes used as evidence that it is venereal disease which has made such terrible inroads on the Indian constitution. Any one who has resided a considerable length of time among the genuine North American Indian tribes will be sure to recognize the unreasonableness of this statement. During a long residence at one reservation, only one case of venereal disease presented itself for treatment, and that was in a half-breed who had lately returned from a white settlement!

Our ideas depend upon the tribe from which we get our statistics. The genuine North American Indians are not the degraded people of New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, but will be found to be human beings possessed of the manliest attributes, believers in the Divine Being, whom they know and worship as the Great Spirit.

They are fearless, vigorous, manly. The Indian's ideas of right and wrong are of such a character as to rouse our respect and surprise. To live among

them is certain to develop mutual regard; and, in my high opinion of their general worth, I have but echoed the sentiments of the manliest and truest people it has been my privilege to meet.

BABY DAYS IN THE WIGWAM.

Longfellow, in his song of Hiawatha, tells how the wrinkled old Nakomis,

> "Nursed the little Hiawatha,
> Rocked him in his linden cradle,
> Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
> Safely bound in reindeer sinews."

But unfortunately the poet extends his description of the cradle no further. Catlin, in his admirable "History of the North American Indians," gives several illustrations of the papoose-holders or cradles. The papoose-holder is evidently a creation of necessity. The Indian is a warrior, hunter, or statesman, or, in these times, a farmer. If not occupied in any one of these callings, he is a loafer. But, whatever the business of her lord and master may be, the squaw is too busy to be able to devote much time to her children.

I would not have it understood by this that maternal indifference is an Indian trait, for such is not the fact. Indians love their children fondly, constantly, and will make any reasonable sacrifice for them. Indeed, their fondness for children is so great that even those of their enemies, if captured, are kindly cared for.

You can almost always reach an Indian's heart by little acts of kindness to his children. The Indian mother never leaves her infant in the care of

hirelings or strangers, but carries it with her everywhere. She will lay it, or stand it against the side of the wigwam, or hang it on a nail in her cabin, or upon a tree near where she is at work. The papoose-holder, or cradle, is a work of art, and decidedly a creation of the affection. These cradles are often-times beautifully made and decorated with the most expensive bead-work, and ornamented with furs, feathers, ribbons, etc. A piece of buffalo hide is fastened securely to a board, the hairy side up. The infant is placed upon this, and the loose sides are brought together securely in front of the body and laced; the face is left exposed. The lacing strings are sufficiently tightened to keep the body perfectly straight. The broad bands which pass around the cradle to increase its steadiness are often beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills. And the dried buffalo hide is ornamented with all sorts of pictures in gaudy colors. "A broad loop of elastic wool passes round in front of the child's face to protect it in case of a fall, from the front of which is suspended a little toy of exquisite embroidery for the child to handle and amuse himself with." When traveling, the arms of the child are fastened by the bandages, so that in case of a fall they would not be broken, but at other times they are allowed to be free, so that the child can amuse itself.

At first thought the idea of carrying them in this way may seem to be cruel, but it is not so regarded by the Indians, and this is the universal custom among all tribes. I have never known an instance where any harm has resulted therefrom. A broad strap, attached to the upper portion of the cradle,

passes either to the forehead or to the chest and shoulders of the mother, and in this manner the infant is carried until it has reached the age of eight or ten months, when it takes its journeys on its mother's back, held in the folds of robe or blanket. Colonel Dodge relates that the Indian mother carries her child so securely that she can play a vigorous game of ball with her baby on her back. Once or twice a day the little prisoner is released for change of clothing or a bath, or for a romp on the floor of the te-pee with its brothers and sisters.

Indian child life is not so unhappy as it has been represented; children are highly prized, and the Indian mother who has the most enjoys honor and distinction therefore. With the Indian, as with the ancient Israelite, the belief exists that "Blessed is the man who has his quiver full of them." The children of "civilized" Indians are, as a general rule, not so tenderly cared for as in the olden days; and modern methods, as taught to the Indian by the inferior class of white people with whom they are most likely to come in contact, do not tend to improve the hygienic conditions. The government policy does not accomplish what ought to be done for these aborigines. There is no doubt about it that much of the instruction afforded would have been better withheld. The death rate among Indian children is, therefore, greater than it should be.

It is well-nigh useless to call attention to the fact that our whole Indian policy, although very much improved of late years, has been one of neglect. Nowhere on the face of the earth can we find aborigines to be compared with those of the North American continent. Those who know them best

agree that they are certainly worthy of a better fate. To know how much could be done for these "children," and to witness how comparatively little is being done by a nation blessed with such great wealth as is ours, is simply deplorable.

The labors of Catholic and other missionaries and of that unselfish society of noble women, who voice their necessities in the little paper called the *Indian's Friend,* ought to be able to make some impression on this nation. The Indians are so rapidly passing away, that the opportunities for making amends for the wrong done them will not last long.

CONCERNING AMERICAN INDIAN WOMANHOOD.—AN ETHNOLOGICAL STUDY.

Dr. Henry T. Byford, in a paper read before the Chicago Gynaecological Society, February 20, 1885, quotes Professor Gross as asking, "Why did not the Almighty create, simultaneously with woman, a competent gynaecologist to meet the inevitable evils?" Dr. Byford adds that "it seems indeed like a reproach upon Him, the crowning work of whose intelligence was the creation of woman, that she should be the most poorly prepared of all beings for the reproduction of her kind. Was it always thus, or was child-bearing originally a physiological phenomenon not beyond the power of a healthy woman to patiently endure?" It is the purpose of this paper to show that among the North American aborigines, childbirth *has been* a peculiarly easy function, seldom attended with inconvenience of any very great moment or of danger to health and life. Where we find Indian tribes only recently confined upon reservations, and where the wild or blanket Indians are in the majority, there we can, without doubt, most readily ascertain the habits of the aborigines. The past thirty years have brought about very remarkable changes in the lives of our American Indians, and as matters stand at present we can

hope for only a very little more time remaining for investigation in this interesting study.

Ethnology is defined by Webster as "the science which treats of the division of man into races, its origin and relations, and differences which characterize them." I think we may therefore consider these investigations concerning Indian womanhood an ethnological study more than an anthropological research. We cannot fail even in this superficial paper to observe how closely related is the human race. An experience covering years of service on the frontier has convinced me that while the tribes of North American Indians differ as widely from one another as the tribes and nations of pale-faces are distinct from each other, yet there is a wonderful similarity observable in all. This is especially noticeable when we come to investigate the condition of infancy, childhood and maternity. In such a research we cannot fail to be impressed with a decided respect for our native Americans.

Nowhere on the face of the earth can we find aborigines to be compared with those of the North American continent. Much, indeed, of their history and tradition has passed away, and when we seek for records of the nations who occupied this great continent, comparatively little is to be found. There is, however, some material within reach to-day, but in a very few years almost every remaining vestige will have disappeared forever. That oblivion should be the destiny of such remarkable nations is a misfortune. We have a right to be proud of our aborigines. Those who know most of our native American or so-called Indians respect them most. Those who have lived longest with them like them the best.

My experience has brought me in contact with many different Indian nations, both in peace and war. Among these the Ojibways are the most interesting for investigation. Dr. Hoffman, lately an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, in a recent article in the *University Magazine* concerning Shaministick practices, states that "the area of country formerly occupied by the immense tribes consisting of the Algonquin linguistic stock, extends from Nova Scotia southward to the James River, and westward to Montana. To these divisions belong the tribes first met with by the French traders in Canada as early as 1634, by the Puritans in Massachusetts, and by Captain John Smith's band of colonists in Virginia. They are believed to be considerably in advance of the tribes of other divisions; and one of the most interesting bodies from an ethnological point of view is the Chippewa or Ojibway tribe of the Lake Superior region."

A prominent and highly educated Indian, who probably knows as much concerning the practices and customs existing among Ojibways as any man living, and whom I have known very well while serving at White Earth reservation, writes me as follows: "Indian girls usually begin to menstruate from 14 to 16 years of age. The mother carefully watches her daughter as the age of puberty develops, and makes frequent inquiries as to any peculiar symptoms appearing, and advises her to keep good watch upon herself and to note the appearance of anything unusual. She is directed when the hour arrives of the function of menstruation, whether it be in the stormy hour of the day or in the coldest midnight, to immediately leave her home

and the village, and retire to a little wigwam, which has been prepared for her in some lonely, unfrequented place about a quarter of a mile or more away from her home. This temporary shelter has been built as comfortably as possible, as here she is expected to spend many days and nights alone. Here she is not allowed to receive cooked food from the family. She has been provided with a small teakettle, spoon and tin dish for her own use. Under no consideration must she pass over any public highway. She is strictly forbidden to speak to any men or boys. During the period of menstruation she is considered *unclean.* During this lonely period of hours and days of isolation she is encouraged to fast for full five days. Many eat nothing, and drink only cold water. It is considered among these people that the longer they abstain from food, the better, and during this period of fasting the more important dreams of their sleeping moments are to be remembered and, if possible, recorded."

Concerning the care of the pregnant woman he writes: "During this period she is required to take more out-of-door exercise. Her work is by no means diminished. She must cut wood, make rice, make sugar and carry wood on her back. My wife, when her first delivery took place, was tapping sugar trees all day. After going to bed a daughter was born at 2 o'clock in the morning. At 10 o'clock the same day she went out tapping trees again with her little babe on her back. Chief Manadowabe's wife, Rebecca by name, had been gathering rice away from home. She was then heavy with pregnancy. Starting on the way toward the village, returning with a sack of wild rice on her back, when about a half

a mile from home, she felt the symptoms of delivery. Putting down the load near the road, she went a little farther away among the bushes. Here, unattended, the mother gave birth to her child. She wrapped the new-born babe in her blanket, returned to her load, and, placing it on her back, started again for home. I and my wife were building a very large wigwam when Rebecca reached us. We saw her coming with a load-sack of rice and something under her arm. My wife went and met her and took the new-born babe, and all that day Rebecca was on her feet to help us finish the wigwam. I called Dr. Breck to come and see the new-born babe. 'Just born two hours ago,' I said. 'Rebecca was all alone, alone by herself,' said I. 'You don't say so!' says he. 'Yes, alone.' 'Wonderful!' he said. 'Rebecca did not stay long in bed—one or two weeks, like the pale-face woman.' "

The same writer informs me that before the delivery the woman is given some medicine to insure safe delivery.

The husband is seldom, if ever, present unless in an emergency where no woman can be found to assist. Diseases peculiar to women are not common among Indian women, but there are many native medicines which are highly prized for the relief of such troubles. Usually these remedies are administered through the friendly advice of some experienced women. Not infrequently in more difficult cases aid is sought from the medicine man. There are, however, in every tribe some women of reputation as "treaters," who undertake the treatment of cases such as falling of the womb. In Indian women from 30 to 40 years of age these displacements some-

times are found. The clothes worn by women during menstruation, or when suffering from disease of genital organs, are burned. The Indian mother very frequently wears a broad band around the waist before the child is born, and also a belt known as the "squaw belt" during confinement. The cloth worn as a napkin after confinement is also carefully burned. The after-birth, called by the Indians "cunoc," together with the membranes and cord, are carried away some distance and burned. After the birth of the child the mother carefully washes it. The ligation and care of the cord, or rather the stump, receive the most careful attention from her.

It is carefully anointed with an oil made antiseptic (?) by the use of herbs gathered by the Indians for that purpose. After the stump has fallen off the parts are washed and again anointed. Umbilical hernia among Indians is very rare. I have never seen a case; neither can I find any report of such an accident in the experience of other physicians.

Dr. A. I. Comfort, Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, whose experience with Indian tribes covers a period of not less than a quarter of a century, and whose contributions on aboriginal archaeological Indian mounds to the Smithsonian Institution, as well as his valuable contributions to the Army Medical Museum on Indian crania and skeletons, have given him such a wide reputation as an investigator, writes me as follows:

"Among the Dakotas, Algonquins, Navajos, etc., the age of Indian girls at the appearance of menstruation is from 12 to 14, though it is modified by climate, tribal habits and other causes. White girls

at frontier posts on the prairies menstruate at an early age. Diseases peculiar to the sex are, according to my observation, uncommon among Indian women—or, at least, they are not expected to, and do not, complain. I once saw an Indian mother of but 12 years of age.

"The occurrence of parturition rarely takes place after 30, and I have no recollection of any case over 35 years of age.

"The mortality of parturient women among the Indian tribes is, according to my observation, less than among white women, though I have observed no difference between them and half-breed women subject to the same tribal influences. I do not recollect having seen more than six children in one family of Indians, and the number rarely exceeds four, though where a plurality of wives exists each wife may have four, rarely more. The Indian warrior finds the exigencies of the chase a meagre support for a large family; and the Indian women become very expert abortionists, though they sometimes push their remedies too far, and terminate their lives by their rashness.

"Post-partum haemorrhage is, according to my observation, rare.

"There is no systematic position assumed by Indian women during labor; they stand or walk, sit or kneel, though in the second or third stage they prefer a dorsal decubitus."

A fair description of parturition among Indian women may be found in Clark and Lewis' Travels, who describe the pregnant Indian women as falling into labor while on the journey, leading the pony attached to the travois. As the pains become un-

bearable she transfers her charge to her husband, runs to the river, gives birth to her child, washes it, swathes it in swaddling clothes, and runs and joins her husband, who has not halted in his journey.

In Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. II, pp. 420, you will find the following quotation: "In one quarter of an hour an Indian woman would be merry in the house, delivered, and be merry again; within two days abroad, and after four or five days at work."

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, agency physician at the Western Shoshone Agency, Nebraska, writes me that the Piutes and Shoshone girls menstruate at the average age of 13 years. Some years ago while attending physician at the Indian Industrial School in North Dakota, he found the average at menstruation among the Gros-Ventres and Arecharees and Mandans as high as 15 years, while among the Apaches of Arizona he estimates the average at 12 years. In his experience he finds that Indian girls menstruate about one year earlier than white girls. Concerning uterine diseases, displacements, etc., he reports that in his experience these disorders are more frequent than is generally understood. Owing to timidity on the part of the women, digital examinations are not allowed, and for this reason fewer gynaecological cases are reported. The youngest mother he ever attended was 15 years of age, and the oldest 45.

"The mortality among the Indian women during childbirth is less than among their white sisters, which is due to more perfect development of their reproductive apparatus." The largest family of Indian children, he reports in his experience, is eight.

Post-partum haemorrhage he reports as uncommon. The position at confinement is that of squatting or kneeling, in the majority of instances in the tribes among whom he has been stationed.

Dr. Montezuma states that the Indian women tie the cord twice—the first knot about four inches from the navel, the second two inches—the point of severance between the two knots being close to the one first tied.

Dr. George W. Era, a surgeon in the Indian Service at Santee Agency, Nebraska, writes that his experience places the average age at menstruation in Indian girls at 14 years. He does not find diseases of women common among the full-blood Indian women. He attended one Indian woman in confinement as young as 14, and another as old as 47. He finds the mortality among full-blood Indian women very much less than among half-breed or white women. The largest number of children in any one family in his experience has been sixteen. Post-partum haemorrhage he has found a "very rare" complication.

With regard to the most common position at delivery he has observed that the kneeling position is preferred by most Indian women; they are taught to kneel, bending forward over a chair or some other firm support. The services of "pale-face doctors" are seldom called for in normal labor, but "in cases of complications or difficulty, when called, they always under my directions readily assume either the left lateral or dorsal." They are ready to accept his instructions as to the advantages of these positions over their own customs.

Dr. C. A. Wray, who has spent several years among

the Yankton and Crow Creek Indians, and who is at present surgeon at Yankton Indian Agency, writes that the average age of Indian girls at the appearance of menstruation is 16 years. He finds that diseases peculiar to women are very infrequent among the Indians. He has attended one Indian mother at the early age of 15 years, and the oldest parturient is one of 48 years of age. He concludes that the mortality of Indian women at childbirth is much less than that of half-breed or white women, but post-partum haemorrhage he finds of not uncommon occurrence. He reports one Indian mother who had given birth to nineteen children.

Dr. A. E. Marden, surgeon in the United States Indian service at the Mescalero Apache reservation, New Mexico, writes that the average age of Indian girls at the appearance of menstruation is 13 years. He finds diseases of women very infrequent among Indian women. The age of the youngest Indian mother has been 14, and that of the oldest 44. The mortality among Indian women is found markedly less than that among half-breeds. Post-partum haemorrhage he reports of uncommon occurrence. The largest number of children in any one family in his experience has been six. The position he finds most common in delivery is that of squatting on the hips.

"Lusk's 'Science of Midwifery,' page 208, says, in referring to Hohl's method as recommended by Olshausen: 'The patient should at the same time be directed not to hold her breath during the pains, *except when they are weak and powerless.*' We would naturally infer from this that holding the breath would increase the expulsive efforts. While

Government physician at the White Earth reservation, Minnesota, I had several opportunities to notice the management of labor among the Chippewa Indians, although the 'pale-face doctor' is rarely called to attend such cases any more than the Indian 'Muskee-kee-winnie' (medicine man). Hohl's method reminds me of a practice which I have often witnessed of the attendant Indian midwife placing the hand almost violently on the mouth of the patient during 'the pains' whenever they seem to be 'good,' and omitting to do so when they were weak and powerless.''*

With regard to the posture of Indian women in labor, I have found it to vary in almost every instance. In Dr. Engelmann's work on Labor among Primitive Peoples, he states that amongst United States Indians the positions assumed in labor are mostly kneeling, clinging to a tent-pole, the body inclined forward, or to a rope or horizontal staff, body inclined backwards, often squatting; occasionally sitting, semi-recumbent in the lap or on the floor; semi-recumbent or kneeling erect; more rarely recumbent; standing erect, clinging to the neck of an assistant; tied to a tree or suspended, or in the knee-chest position. Concerning the position assumed in labor among the Chippewa Indians, Dr. Engelmann states that ''if the parturient is of the wild or blanket Indians, a quantity of dry grass is spread on the ground of the te-pee or house if they have any. A pole, six to ten feet long and three to four inches in diameter, is placed on the backs of chairs or fixed across one corner of the room about

*From a paper by the writer in the New York Medical Journal, May, 1882.

the height of a chair, behind which, with it across her chest, the woman rests on her knees during the pains, sitting down in the interval. Those who are partly civilized assume a somewhat similar position, but use straw overlaid by quilts and blankets.''

Dr. Engelmann also states that the Chippewa seems to draw horizontally from the cross-bar, and not to rest herself or raise herself as do those Indians who support themselves by staff or pole. This statement, although in the main correct, gives a wrong idea of the mechanism. The parturient Chippewa rests upon the pole, and only incidentally draws upon it, and for this very reason the pole is carefully wound with many thicknesses of cloth. Blankets are spread upon the floor upon which, in the intervals, she rests. This is a customary position for these people in labor, and such poles are carefully cut and prepared for this purpose and are retained as one of the household implements, and are loaned from family to family as required. I have found great difficulty in obtaining information concerning midwifery among the Chippewas. The Indians send for the government physician only in rare cases, and they object to any kind of operative interference except under the most urgent necessity. The midwives are exceedingly reticent and jealous of what knowledge they possess, but they show very keen interest in the pale-face doctors' methods of procedure in labor, and are very intelligent critics. I remember explaining to one Carl Braun's method of lateral incisions in cases of impending rupture of the perinaeum. To my surprise she seemed to think it might be a very good idea. She expressed great delight with my blunt, pointed bistoury, and

seemed to comprehend how many hundreds of miles I had brought it over the "Big Sea Water."

Rupture of the perinaeum seems to be a rare occurrence among the full-blood Indians, but among the half-breed women I understand it is becoming quite common. The Chippewas have no reasonable treatment for post-partum haemorrhage. They attempt little to save the patient. Upon my questioning my attendant, who had been in charge of a young woman who had bled to death after labor, she informed me that if the primitive methods they had used could not save her, she supposed nothing could be done. I mentioned this case to the head chief, a very intelligent man, and he expressed his regret that I had not been called in time to save the life of the young woman. At a council of the Indians held shortly afterward he urgently advised them to send for the pale-face doctor in cases of emergency. He acknowledged that our art was superior to their own old-fashioned ways. He recognized the fact that the Indians were dying off too fast, and that it was well worth while to do everything possible to save life.

"Commonly labor is conducted most privately and quietly; the Indian squaw is wont to steal off into the woods for her confinement. Alone or accompanied by a female relative or friend she leaves the village, as she feels the approach of labor, to seek some retired spot; upon the bank of a stream is the favorite place the world over, the vicinity of water, moving water if possible, is sought, so that the young mother can bathe herself and her child, and return to the village cleansed and purified when all is over. This is true of the Sioux, the Comanches, the Sonkawas, the Nez-Perces, the Apaches, the Cheyennes and other of our Indian tribes.

"The Chippewas, as well as the Winnebagos, also follow this custom. The natives of the Caucasus, the Dombars, and other tribes of Southern India, those of Ceram, the inhabitants of Loango, of Old Calabar, and many of the African races, are delivered in this quiet way; and the women are not only kept apart from their husbands and the villagers during their confinement, but for weeks afterward. The reason why we know so little of Indian labor is the great secrecy which they observe regarding such matters, and their extreme reluctance to speak to inquisitive whites of these subjects which are to them enshrouded in a veil of superstition and mystery. Some of the Sioux tribes, the Blackfeet and the Uncapapas, are in the habit of arranging a separate lodge, generally a temporary one, for the occasion, as also do the Klamaths, the Utes and others."

As soon as the Indian baby is born it is placed in a coffin-shaped receptacle, where it passes nearly the whole of the first year of its existence, being taken out only once or twice a day for washing or change of clothing. This clothing is of the most primitive character, the baby being simply swaddled in a dressed deerskin or piece of thick cotton cloth, which envelops the whole body below the neck. The outside of the cradle varies with the wealth or taste of the mother, scarcely two being exactly alike. Some are elaborately ornamented with furs, feathers and bead-work, others are perfectly plain, Whatever the outside, the cases themselves are nearly the same. A piece of dried buffalo hide is cut into proper shape, then turned on itself, and the front fastened to a board, or in the most approved cradles, to two narrow pieces of board joined in the form of an X.

It forms a real "nest of comfort;" and as the Indians are not "sticklers" on the score of cleanliness, it is the very best cradle that they could adopt To the board or boards is attached a strap, which passed over the head, rests on the mother's chest and shoulders, leaving the arms free. When about the lodge the mother stands the cradle in some out-of-the-way corner, or in fine weather against a tree; or if the wind is blowing fresh it is hung to a branch, where it fulfils all the promise of the nursery rhyme. When the baby is ten months to a year old it is released from its confinement, and for a year or two more of its life takes its short journeys on its mother's back in a simple way. It is placed well up on her back between the shoulders; the blanket is then thrown over both, and being drawn tightly at the front of her neck by the mother, leaves a fold behind in which the little one rides securely and apparently without the slightest inconvenience to either rider or ridden. I have seen a Nez Perce woman play a vigorous game of ball with a baby on her back. *

The stature of the Indian woman is usually short; a well-built, sturdy frame, capable of incessant toil and able to endure great fatigue. The shoulders are broad, the arms long, and the hips large, suggesting a capacious pelvis. The whole bearing is one of fortitude, perseverance and unflagging devotion to womanly duty. When we consider how severe is their life, how uninterrupted their toil, we are amazed that their womanly functions do not break down under the strain of maternity and child-nurs-

*The above is taken from "Our Wild Indians," written by Colonel Richard I. Dodge, United States Army, and is a truthful description.

ing. Diseases peculiar to women are rare among them. "Their theory of disease is that it all resides in the blood; to prove this they always recite the fact that the blood always collects underneath a bruise and makes it dark; also the fact that drawn blood coagulates, hence their favorite remedy was scarification with small flints." (Dr. Powell, "Contributions to N. A. Ethnology," Vol. III).

The use of inunction with oil by Indian midwives is quite common. A drink made from a root steeped in hot water to encourage easy and quick delivery is in use among the Ojibways.

The "squaw belt" is a broad bandage of buckskin or of some firm material, more or less ornamented. These belts or bandages are made use of just before, during, and after delivery. Dr. Engelmann states that "among many people there is a certain time of rest and isolation, which is governed more particularly by their religious belief of their uncleanliness. The puerpera is said to be unclean during the time succeeding delivery as she is during menstruation."

Dr. Fields states concerning the treatment of the puerperal state that "it is not alike in all the tribes. Some require the woman to keep on her feet the greater part of the day, taking short walks around the camp, and resting only when she becomes very weary; for a period of three or four days the woman continues these walks, with an occasional hour in a reclining posture to rest her feet; then she is considered well. The object of this is to facilitate the flow of the lochia; they think that should the woman lie in bed the blood would accumulate in the abdominal cavity, and she must die." Among many of the Indian tribes both mother and child receive a

cold water bath; invariably the child is bathed immediately after delivery and then secured in its pappoose holder.

That the robust condition and easy mode of childbearing are rapidly disappearing from even the full-blood Indian women there can be no doubt. The bed has taken the place of the blanket or the pallet of straw, and the "puerperal state" that of the ready condition for renewed toil immediately after childbirth. The daughters and granddaughters of these sturdy aboriginal matrons consult the pale-face doctor, and are rapidly acquiring the methods of pale-face women. We can do little to prevent this evolution. One great stumbling-block toward success in this direction is the present physical condition of the Indians. From an out-of-door life of activity with plenty of fresh game and wholesome food and clear water, with a healthful te-pee for home, the change has been made to log cabins with overheated, close air. Poor food, with flour and salted meat of inferior quality, is mostly what is found in the modern Indian home. In exchange for an active life there is much of idleness and indoor confinement. Instead of being taught how to cook good, wholesome food, and to make the home healthy, happy and attractive, embroidery, poetry, music, sentimental and religious readings are given too much place. These efforts often made in so-called Indian education are certainly ill-advised. Partly on this account the naturally robust constitution is deteriorating, and miscarriages and diseases peculiar to women are noticeably increasing, to the surprise and disgust of the Indian mothers and grandmothers. The changes made are too sudden and too radical—cer-

tainly they are not rational—and the inevitable result is just what might be expected—very general failure.

We find just such errors in the education of the colored people. Instead of teaching them first to earn an honest living, as our fathers did, by toil and physical labor, these misguided philanthropists wish to make "exhibition pupils" of them. If hygiene and manual labor could be looked after more carefully, then might follow the cultivation of the arts. It seems neither right nor wise to begin with embroidery and music in the education of an Indian girl, when kitchen and housework is so often totally neglected. The Indian, like the white man, should work his way up from the lower round of the ladder; and unless this be the method, disaster is certain to follow.

Under these circumstances, is it at all to be wondered at that, mentally and physically, so many of our Indians are degenerating? For the Indian, as well as for any one else, idleness can act only as a serious injury. To be sure, it is very difficult to find suitable teachers imbued alike with a sincere interest for their welfare and at the same time possessing ordinary common sense. Whether it be wise to stuff the Indian head with book learning at the expense of his bodily health is a question which many good people seem to differ upon very decidedly. The good people in charge of Indian training can hardly be accused of insincerity or of intentional neglect of the physical vigor of the Indian children; but it is beyond peradventure that a visit to any of our Indian schools will convince one that the wholesale ignoring of the laws of nature must end only in

physical injury, if not in general impairment of the bodies of the children.

The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes have a curious custom which also obtains, though to a limited extent, among other of the Plains tribes. No unmarried woman considers herself dressed to meet her lover at night, to go to a dance or other gathering, unless she has tied her lower limbs with a rope, in such a way, however, as not to interfere with her powers of locomotion; and every married woman does the same before going to bed when her husband is absent. Custom has made this an almost perfect protection against the brutality of the men. Without it she would not be safe an instant; and even with it an unmarried girl is not safe if found alone away from the immediate protection of her lodge. A Cheyenne woman, either married or single, is never seen alone. The sale of a wife is not unusual, though becoming less so every year. The Indians are very fond of children and anxious to have as many as possible. Should the wife not bear a child in a reasonable time she is liable to be sold. *

My experience with the Indians has been that except in the vicinity of military garrisons very little of acute venereal disease is to be found. For six months the hospital returns showed no cases of venereal disease treated at White Earth reservation. The record was broken at the end of that time by the return of a half-breed from the settlement with a case of acute gonorrhoea. The native Indian women are virtuous and faithful to their lovers and husbands. Adultery is severely punished and is

*Colonel Dodge in "Our Wild Indians."

commonly condemned. Bastardy is a crime even among Indians, and the reproach is an everlasting disgrace. It is safe to say that the standard of virtue is as high among the Chippewas as among their pale-face sisters. "The green-eyed monster is to be found in te-pee as well as in palace."

Colonel Dodge has translated a Cheyenne woman's song, which gives some insight into Indian ethnology:

"I will leave my husband, hah, ha, ha, ha,
ha, yo, O!
But attend to what I say to you, ha, ha,
ha, ha, yo!
You must be good to me, ha, ha, yo, e!
And not make love to other women, ha, yo,
ha, O!"

To discard an old disagreeable wife for a young and agreeable companion is not uncommon even among *good* Indians.

To investigate the habits and customs of our native North Americans is to demonstrate how closely allied are the nations of the earth. We are forced to concede that these people we regard as savages possess knowledge at least on matters of hygiene, if not in medical art, quite worthy of attention. We can find suggestions which may be useful in our professional work among more cultivated individuals. The Indian woman in her humble sphere inspires even in savage hearts the respect for womanhood and motherhood which was once so prominently a type of the honor and manhood of the ancient Romans, and which is the natural characteristic of Anglo-Saxons. The source from which our aborigines derived their knowledge—it certainly seems more than

mere instinct—must remain an unsolved riddle. We have shown enough to suggest the remarkable similarity in Indian customs to those of the ancient laws of the Israelites. Possibly the theory that our Indians are remnants of *"the lost tribes"* may be a reasonable one. The reverence universally exhibited among Indians at the mention of the name of the Great Spirit—the bowed head and the open extended palms of the hands—is certainly very suggestive; when we add to this the laws governing uncleanness we are forced to wonder at the coincidence.

Whether so or not, we certainly can discover in our aborigines traits that are worthy of our esteem, and characteristics worthy of our sincere regard.

THE MUSKEE-KEE WIN-NI-NEE.

The Medicine-Man of the North American Indians.

The medicine-man among all North American Indians is a person of conspicuous importance, as he is supposed to possess control over mysterious agencies, and to be endowed with powers well-nigh supernatural. He is believed to be not only under the influence of spirits of great power, but to have more or less control over them, compelling their aid for weal or woe, upon friend or enemy. He is also supposed to be able to interpret signs of major or minor import, and to foretell the severity or mildness of approaching seasons, and the appropriateness of time for expeditions concerned in the chase, or in war.

These doctors, magicians, prophets, dreamers, or whatever the medicine-man may be conceived to be, are prepared for their skilful profession only after long and arduous training. The tests necessary for recognition as skilful and responsible practitioners are often very severe and exacting, requiring physical endurance and bravery of no mean order. These ordeals or tests when completed endow the medicine-man with magical and mysterious powers of cure and prophecy, acknowledged by all the tribes.

Oftentimes the renown of these men will have

spread among other tribes and even among other nations, Indians making long journeys to consult and listen to the distinguished Shaman. Young men who are seeking to become great prophets travel far for the instruction of those celebrated in the mythical arts; but such instances are by no means common, as each tribe has its own system of arriving at results.

The medicine-lodge is believed by many to be the actual habitation of the Great Spirit; it is as it were their tabernacle, or Sacred Ark in the wilderness. Col. Inman in his *Salt Lake Trail* thus describes the influence of the medicine-lodge:

"When the prophecies of these medicine-men fail, the Indians attribute it to some neglect of the instructions imparted, and not to any deficiency in their medicine-man; but when success occurs, great is the honor bestowed upon their prophet. Their confidence in these medicine-men is really remarkable."

The Indian believes in the immortality of the soul, and in his dreams and in the semi-delirium of sicknesses or accidents gains an insight into future mysteries, and has glimpses of the beauties and happiness of the life to come. It is not to be wondered at therefore that to his prophets he attributes great discernment in these and all other matters of importance.

Among the Ojibways the commonest form of greeting is *Bo-zho-nee-chee. Bo-zho* is undoubtedly a corruption of the French, *Bon jour,* which thick-mouthed French voyageurs have repeated in the hearing of Indians; and so after centuries the words *Bo-zho* have become almost universal among Algonquin Indians, or those living along the Great Lakes

and upon the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio rivers. So early trappers witnessed the wonderful influence of the medicine-men and also saw that these possessors of supernatural powers made use of it in healing diseased bodies, as well as in controlling the mind and spirit. They therefore called these men *medecin,* or doctor.

From calling them doctor or *medecin* it was an easy transition to call their power by the same name, and the similiarity in sounds of the English and the French words made the term readily adapted by the English-speaking people. So at last *medicine*-man came to mean the man having mysterious power over medicine or magic or mysterious arts in general; and the medicine-man controlling the medicine and some medicine being good, some evil, certain things came to be called "good medicine" or "bad medicine," and certain occurrences to be "good medicine" or "bad medicine," in other words "propitious" or "unpropitious."

Traditions have also been in the keeping, as it were, of the medicine-men. Colonel Inman, in his *Salt Lake Trail,* mentions that the Indians of North America or most of them have a tradition of a great flood or deluge which occurred ages ago. While on the expedition of General Carr, in 1869, when Buffalo Bill (Cody) was Chief of Scouts, a member of the command brought into camp a huge bone. The surgeon of the expedition examined it and said it certainly must be an enormous femur or thigh bone. The Indians agreed with this theory, but claimed it had belonged to one of the giants which inhabited the earth many generations back. One of the medicine-men present thus explained the prodigious size

of this apparently human bone. "A long time ago," said he, "the earth was peopled by warriors of gigantic stature. These Indians were huge enough to walk beside the buffalo and lift them up and carry them under their arms as a man would a pet dog. These warriors became so powerful that at last they dared to defy the Great Spirit! This angered the Creator and He ordered the rain to come. It poured so continuously that all the rivers over-flowed their banks, and the prairies became submerged. The Indians in terror fled to the hills and then the waters rose upon them there. At last they climbed the highest peak of the Rockies, but go where they would the Great Father's vengeance followed them and engulfed them all. Then the earth became silent, and when the last of the waters had receded and all was dry and fair again, the Mighty Creator sent a new race, the size of men we now see, not over six and a half feet tall. These people would not defy the Great Spirit, but taught their children to call Him Great Father and to worship Him for His goodness and implore His help and protection and His blessing. The Great Father knows the hearts and minds of His children and those who love Him He blesses."

The Indian medicine-man never teaches disrespect toward or rebellion against the Great Father, neither does he count his art as wonderful in the sight of the Creator of all men and all things.

The religion of the Indians promises nothing for the next world, having no reference to it, but helps to prolong life here. The Christian religion is considered greatly inferior, as its promises are for the future life.

The ceremony of the Grand Medicine is an elaborate ritual, covering several days, the endless number of gods and spirits being called upon to minister to the sick man and to lengthen his life. The several degrees of the Grand Medicine teach the use of incantations, of medicines and poisons, and the requirements necessary to constitute a Brave. "When a young man seeks admission to the Grand Medicine Lodge, he first fasts until he sees in his dream some animal (the mink, beaver, otter, and fisher being most common) which he hunts and kills. The skin is then ornamented with beads or porcupine quills, and the spirit of the animal becomes the friend and companion of the man." The medicine-men have only a limited knowledge of herbs, but they are expert in dressing wounds, and the art of extracting barbed arrows from the flesh can be learned from them.

"After going through with certain incantations, the Grand-Medicine-man tells his patient that his pain is caused by a bear or some other animal, which is gnawing at the vitals. He makes a most infernal noise in order to drive the spirit away, and if the patient recovers, he accredits it to his own skill; if death follows, he falls back upon the plea so often used by his white brother, 'I was called too late!' They make great gain out of the people and are their counsellors in peace and war. They are bitter opponents of Christianity. The venerable medicine-man Shadayence was the most cunning antagonist I ever had among the Indians."*

In olden times,—yes, to within the memory of liv-

*From Bishop Whipple's Autobiography, "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate."

ing Ojibways,—the medicine-man at the funeral ceremony thus addressed the departed: "Dear friend, you will not feel lonely while pursuing your journey towards the setting sun. I have killed for you a Sioux (hated enemy of the Ojibways), and I have scalped him. He will accompany you and provide for you, hunting your food as you need it. The scalp I have taken, use it for your moccasins."

And yet in spite of these apparently heathenish rites, the Indian is never an atheist; always bending humbly in recognition of the Great Spirit, the Heavenly Father, the Creator of all things and all men, "Geechee Manito," Great Sprit, whom we in English call the Almighty God.

The Muskee-kee win-ni-nee or medicine-man is quite a different individual from the priest or prophet or magician. The Indian doctor is very skilful in curing simple ailments. Their remedies are cathartics, sweating medicines, expectorants or cough and lung remedies; diuretics, remedies acting on the kidneys, emetics to produce vomiting; remedies for inflammation of mucous surfaces, bladder, etc., alteratives to eradicate diseases, bitter herbs for tonics, and soporifics, narcotics, etc., to induce sleep; ointments, emulsions, lotions, teas, etc. When we consider the Indian remedies, it makes quite a pharmacopoeia and dispensatory. Then the Indians possess very strict rules concerning the management of women in their natural ailments, and unlike the Africans, our Redmen, native Americans, are a clean, orderly people and worthy of respect. In matters relating to hydrotherapy they excel. No one can give better sweatings.

Down by one of the sweat lodges a woman is kind-

ling fires and heating the stones in the centre of the lodge and outside. She covers the frame with robes or skins so as to keep the heat in. A bucket of water stands near the fire. Soon half a dozen young men come to the place and following them the medicine-man. The young men drop their blankets and crawl into the sweat lodge; they are naked as they creep beneath the coverings. The medicine-man starts his "Hoyhey, Hoyhey, Hoyhey,"* and sings his sacred songs. The woman passes a vessel into the sweat house; the water hisses as it falls on the hot stones, and steam creeps forth from the crevices in the coverings. At length after a longer or shorter exposure to the steam heat, the men creep out, rise, and all wet with perspiration rush down to the stream and plunge into the cold water. This is the famous Indian sweat bath, cleansing, invigorating, almost stimulating. The patient feels refreshed and like a new man. It is primitive, but it is effective.

And last but not least, these medicine-men are skilled in counter-irritation for the treatment and cure of various disorders.

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*The word "hoyhey" is hard to spell in English; perhaps "*hoy*-ee" would be more explanatory. In the matter of cathartics the Indians outdo their pale-face friends in the abuse and excess of these remedies. They require *large* doses and as every treatment is preceded by purgings, some attribute their mortality from consumption to be due to this over-dosing. It is more likely, however, that the change from well-ventilated teepees to close cabins, and from open wood fires to overheated iron stoves, and from venison, prairie chicken, and ground corn cooked in open fireplaces, to the doughy flour bread baked in stoves, that this is due. The borders of the lakes where camps and cabins have long been established become foul and unhealthy, and the pure water they have been used to has failed. Change of habits and the infrequency of the healthful exercise of the hunt, also act against their once rugged constitutions.

As surgeons they excel in skilful bandaging, splints, and other treatment of fractures; in deformities; in the treatment of snake, dog, wolf, and other bites. They are adepts in extracting arrows and bullets. Bishop Whipple once narrated to me how the Indians remove an arrow-head. They take a willow stick, cut it exactly in half by dexterously splitting it, remove the pith and smoothing the ends insert one above the superior flange of the arrow, the other beneath, then bind the two together close to the wound and cautiously remove *all*.

The Indian ambulance or *travois* is a remarkable conveyance for carrying the wounded out of reach of the battle, or for transporting him over long marches to his home camp. The comfort of this mode of conveyance is greater than would appear at first sight. It is from witnessing this primitive method among our Indians that American army surgeons have in frontier wars adopted this system and called it the *travois*.

Where can you find among primitive peoples greater natural intelligence in all that pertains to everyday life? In the manufacture of clothing, of teepees or lodges, of arms, or ornaments fit for a prince to wear? In point of fact, the clothing of a well-to-do Indian squaw, of which the dress of the wife of the Ute chief Uray would be an excellent example, is often quite valuable, ranging anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. The bead ornaments are skilfully and beautifully made, handsome specimens readily bringing in our eastern stores from ten to seventy-five dollars. The decorated otter and mountain-lion skins and the well-known buffalo hides are highly prized. The skins used for the tee-

pees or lodges are most carefully tanned and prepared by squaws. Moccasins, pouches, rifle-cases, knife-scabbards, and quirts, are well made and command high prices. All these beautiful things, together with pipes, silver ornaments, precious stones, and ores, nuggets of gold, are freely given to the medicine-man for his professional fees, or as a reward from "grateful patients" for some extraordinary success in "cure." The ordinary fee for the Muskee-kee winni-nee is in yards of calico, so many for each consultation.

The grand-medicine-lodge is usually an unroofed structure. An excellent picture of the open structure appeared in *The Open Court,* in the article on "The Cross Among the North American Indians" Vol. XIII., p. 302.).

The honor of grand-medicine is now and then conferred upon "pale faces," and the writer received this recognition from the Ojibways at White Earth Reservation, in 1879. The initiation reminds one who is a mason of the ceremonies in one of the blue-lodge degrees, and certain mysterious signs have stangely enough led masons to believe that our North American Indians are not wholly unacquainted with ancient rites *closely* resembling the masonry of early times.

Among people so intelligent and so competent it follows that much would be expected of the medicine-man, occupying as he does a position of dignity and influence and oftentimes of wealth. We cannot study our aborigines in a spirit of fairness without discovering among them characters which in old Biblical times were regarded as "wise hearted" men. The Indian in peace or in war is the true son of na-

ture, a believer in God, a loving father, a devoted, enduring friend, and a consistent enemy; in other words, he is a true *man*.

CONCERNING INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOMS.

THE DEAD.

"Under the pure light of the stars
The dead sleep
Wrapped about in a silence unutterable,
The ages come and go, like a tale that is told
Time stretches out to the golden unbarred gate
Of eternity,
But the dead sleep on, sleep on."—*Edgerton.*

From the earliest times, among all races civilized or savage, man has always cared for the remains of his dead. Failure to do so is regarded as inhuman and is promptly condemned. Numerous are the rites employed in mourning, but nowhere can we find evidences of greater respect and affection for the dead than among our North American Indians.

There are those who seem inclined to find little that is praiseworthy in the Indian character, but a people with devoted love for their children, profound religious respect for the Sacred Name, a reverence for their dead and a sincere concern for their last resting-places, certainly possess qualities which are admirable and worthy of universal commendation. All these honorable characteristics are true of our North American Indians.

Among the Ojibways, particularly the Chippewas at White Earth, Minnesota, the old-time heathen rites have pretty nearly disappeared. These Chip-

pewas are Christian Indians, intelligent and possessing all the highest qualities of the red man with much that is good and true which their paleface friends have taught them. They do not practice scaffold* or tree burial except at rare instances. "Above-the-ground burial" is also practically unknown to them. Their funerals are conducted with solemnity and devotion, and the services at their churches are remarkably pathetic and interesting, to enable friends to look upon the grave and to make offerings of food or flowers or any other thing they may wish for the comfort or happiness of the departed.

The Christian's grave-house is usually surmounted by a cross.

Very often services in memory of the dead take place with much of feasting and dancing, but these latter are usually indulged in by the wild or so-called "heathen" Indians.**

It is interesting to compare the burial of the famous Chippewa war-chief "Hole-in-the-Day," who died as he had lived an untamed Indian, with that of the brave and good "Braveheart," who on his deathbed requested that a cross be placed upon his breast and a large one above his grave, so that when anyone should inquire what the signification of the

*Occasionally some heathen Indian will be buried upon a scaffold. As late as 1889 Rev. Mr. Peake saw a scaffold burial at Red Lake Chippewa Reservation about one hundred miles north of White Earth Reservation, Minnesota.

**The word heathen is a misnomer for any people who believe and reverence God whom they know as "Getche-Manito," the Mighty, the Great Spirit. A people so deeply and truly religious may not have received the light of Christianity, but heathen they are not.

cross might be, this should be the answer: "Tell him that beneath that cross rests the remains of Braveheart, who believes in the white man's Saviour."

In 1879 the flags still waved over the grave of the murdered Hole-in-the-Day to signify that up to that time his friends had not yet avenged his cruel death. A more restful picture is the following, which I was privileged to witness: One afternoon the bell of St. Columba's (a *wooden* church it was then) was tolling, Indians were gathering in the building and a two-wheel ox-cart was being slowly driven up the hill. The cart contained a plain board coffin, within it the mortal remains of a young Indian wife. The driver, strange to state, was the husband, and his grief and sorrow were genuine beyond a doubt. Friends helped him bring the remains within the church porch, and the beloved Indian priest Emmengahbowh, of the "Episcopal" communion, met the corpse at the door. "I am the resurrection and the life" came forth the solemn words in clear Ojibway as the funeral procession passed up the aisle of the church. The sweet voices of the Indians with the organ accompaniment sang the old hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and others just as pathetic. The service concluded, the silent Indians with moccasined feet passed by the rude coffin to take a last fond look at the dead. Then took place a curious ceremony. The lid of the coffin was only lightly held in place by nails which had been withdrawn to permit the "last look." A friend handed the sad husband a hammer, he drove in the nails way home with sturdy blows, the sacred building resounding with the noise and with the sobs of the bereaved friends. Then tenderly the bearers carried

the coffin into the churchyard. The procession wound its way by graves and the grave-houses till it reached the open grave for this new arrival. Great branches of pine and fir covered the ground and lined the last resting-place. Emmengahbowh in priestly surplice read the committal service, and then, while the voices of the Indians sang again a sweet hymn, the body was gently and slowly lowered to its resting-place. Broad strips of heavy bark were placed over the coffin, and earth fell almost silently while friends continued the sweet songs of hope in the promises of the Saviour. What a picture it was in the far-away Indian Reservation, this Christian burial, this object lesson of love and duty for Christ's sake, this victory of the religion of Jesus over the mummery and fierce orgies of heathenism. And yet as the hymn of faith continued, as the sinking sun shone in the western sky, it seemed as if these poor children were but voicing the doom of "passing away" just as the sun was sinking. The emblem of all these tribes of red men is the setting sun.

Soon their race will be completed, soon the last of them will have departed forever

> "In the purple mists of evening,
> To the Islands of the Blessed,
> To the kingdom of Ponemah
> To the land of the Hereafter."

The Chippewas bury their dead in almost any convenient place, often directly in front of their cabin door so that in stepping out one has almost to step upon a grave. Before placing a body in the grave, if no coffin has been provided, it is carefully wrapped in great pieces of birch bark such

as they use in building their canoes and summer camps, or it is enveloped in one or more of their beautiful mats, of the finest texture obtainable. Over the grave a long low house is built, about two feet high, and under the front or western gable a little square window is placed.

"The old heathen burial customs of my own people," writes that old hero and Indian Saint, Emmengahbowh, "were that when one dies the body is well dressed, combed well, the hair and face painted, a new blanket wrapped around his body, a new shirt and leggings and a new coat put on him and new moccasins, everything in wearing apparel all well provided. This being done, well prepared to take the body to the grave already prepared, when the body is put down to the ground, a gun, powder horn and war club or tomahawk, scalping knife, small kettle, and small dish and spoon, and fire-making implements are among the things put in with the body into the ground. As they are taking out the body from the wigwam the Grand Medicine Man sings a devil song beating the drum as they bear the body away towards the grave. The body is all covered and just before another song, one of the braves arises on his feet and says: 'My friend, you will not feel lonely while pursuing your journey toward the setting sun; I have killed a Sioux (hereditary enemies of the Ojibways) and scalped him, he will accompany you, and the scalp I have taken, use it for your moccasin.' The Grand Medicine Man then says after covering the grave: 'Do not look back, but look towards your journey, towards the setting sun. Let nothing disturb you or cause you to look away from your path. Go in

peace.' Then another medicine man and all the medicine men speak thus: 'I walk peacefully, I walk on peacefully, for my long journey of life, soon to reach the end of my journey, soon to reach my friends who have gone before me.' The song completed, all the grand medicine men with one loud voice cry out:

'Meh-ga-kuh-nuh
Meh-ga-huh-nuh (amen-amen).'

Then all disperse and the weird and melancholy and wonderfully pathetic ceremony is completed.''

What ritual in any other tongue could be more appropriately funereal or more typical of future life beyond the grave? Surely Christianity need not wait long with the precious message for which these our noble aborigines seem more than ready.

Emmengahbowh also writes me that, ''When a great warrior is killed in battle and while the battle is raging, the hottest battle, the battle ceases at once. The warrior is carried away from the battle-field to a short distance. Here the warriors are making preparations to dress him in style with all his best clothing they could find. First washed his face and combed his hair, hair braided down to his shoulders, painted his face with red paint, a new shirt, a new coat and new leggings put on it. A new blanket wrapped about him and a beautiful sash around his waist. This being done and completed he is taken to the battle-field and placed him on the most conspicuous place and position and always preferred to find a high knoll. Here he is placed in a sitting position. A gun placed before him in the attitude of shooting, a war club and scalping knife put on about him. Feathers on his head waving

beautifully, each feather indicates a scalp taken in battle. This being done, sometimes the warriors watched the body one or two days. The enemy knows it well that a great warrior had been slain in battle and they know it well too that they would not carry him away. Must be buried near about the battle-field or may be found in sitting posture. Sure enough finding him in sitting posture. Here the warriors with all the swiftness they can command run. The fast runner of course touches the head first and count one of the highest trophy among the heathen warriors, and counted a feather for his head."

Occasionally as of old the Chippewas bury their dead in a strong box placed in public view upon a scaffold, with four strong posts. Many moons come and go before the graves are neglected. Every now and then the best cooked food is brought that the faithful friends can obtain. These offerings are reverently laid upon grave or coffin. When the Indian reaches his final destiny in the "happy hunting grounds," his life is perfectly secure and his everlasting felicity assured. "It is not true that the Ojibways believe in transmigration, neither do I know of any tribe which does," says good old Emmengahbowk. "Transmigration of souls from men to animals! No such horrible faith entertained by my people. Some pale-faces may believe it!"

Emmengahbowk has faithfully taught his beloved Chippewas the creed of the pale-face teachers, the good Bishop Whipple has sent to them, not the least of which is, I believe, "in the resurrection of the dead."

A very interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Peake,

for some time a missionary among the Ojibways, contains the following:

"I myself first observed the Indian life while I was a student at Nashotah (Wisconsin), seeing some families (Chippewas) as they went through the state gipsy-like in 1852.

"In 1853 I saw the Oneidas at Duck Creek and preached to them through an interpreter, meeting also some of the Mohawks. In 1856 I saw the Sioux and Winnebagoes of the Minnesota River Valley. In 1856 I went with my bride (Miss Augusta Parker of Delhi, N. Y.) to live among the Ojibways or Chippewas at Gull Lake, and was with them as their missionary at Gull Lake and Crow Wing for six years, and during the Sioux outbreak of 1862." Concerning the mortuary customs Mr. Peake writes: "In winter when the ground is frozen the northern tribes, among whom I served, wrap up their dead in the furs of animals and place them in the branches of high trees." Mr. Peake saw them so placed in January, 1856, on the right bank of the Minnesota river on his first trip up the valley. "I have seen similar placing of the dead on a high scaffold or platform at Red Lake (Chippewa Agency, Minnesota) as late as 1889." Usually they (the Chippewas) bury their dead in the ground and wrap them in cotton or such other cloth as they may have. The body is carefully covered with birch bark in wide strips. Over the grave they usually build a roof of boards if they can obtain the necessary lumber. Just below the gable they have a little open window in the front which stands towards the west (the setting sun). "At the open window they deposit food for the departed spirits which soon

disappears, and it is supposed to have afforded nourishment for the dead upon their journeyings." Mr. Peake has noted these graves also at Gull Lake and at Crow Wing.

A letter from the Crow Agency, Montana, informs me that the Crows bury their dead with the feet toward the rising sun. Several valuable illustrations of mortuary customs peculiar to this interesting race of aborigines are presented herewith.

From the Rev. A. B. Clark, missionary at the Rosebud Agency (Sioux), information with interesting illustrations has been received.

Mr. Clark states that when an Indian is thought to be dying his hair is combed and oiled and dressed as nicely as possible, the face is painted with vermillion and a new suit of clothing is provided if possible, consisting of blanket, leggings, moccasins, etc. All this may be attended to hours or even days before death actually occurs. The bodies of the dead are not washed. After some "hours, or a day's time, the body is borne to a platform or to a high hill-top, or, in case of a little child, to a large tree, where it is placed in the branches. Occasionally a child's body was laid in the river-side. The body was usually wrapped in a parfleche case or a home-tanned robe or skin, the best to be had at the time, when placed on platform or hill or in tree, etc. Immediately on being placed for its final rest the ghost must be fed. So a kettle of coffee or tea and a dish of meat and other foods were placed beneath or beside the body. The bag of tobacco and pipe were not omitted. Whatever fine clothing, ornaments, weapons, or furnishings the deceased had highly esteemed, must go with the body. The fa-

vorite pony, too, must be killed beside the body of the dead."

"There was one case in which the Indians always *buried* the dead: When two people of the same camp, neighbors or relatives, quarrelled and one was killed the dead was buried face down and with a piece of fat between the teeth, otherwise, they said, all the game would be scared out of the country. As the Indians became Christianized these customs change or are dropped, though progress that way is slow. On the death of a friend all begin mourning. The hair is cut short at the neck. Both men and women slash their bodies and limbs with knives and often put sticks or thongs through the wounds as in the old sun-dance ceremony. The mourners, the chief ones, go off to the hill-tops and mourn, perhaps for days. Christian Indians now dress in black, bury dead as we do in graves, buying coffins or getting them in some way and form, but as yet have not wholly given up the formal mourning at the graves on the hill-top. There is a custom which they call 'Keeping the Ghost.' If a man is very ambitious to be accounted thereafter a good and just man he takes some little article, a ring, a lock of hair, etc., which belonged to the deceased relative and wraps it up like a little mummy, binds it to a stick and plants it near his door. He keeps the ground swept about it and frequently places food and tobacco there, no matter who helps the ghost dispose of these things. He now also gathers horses and other property for the Ghost-lodge which he will set up after a year or so for a grand feast and give-away to all comers. After the affair of the Ghost-lodge this man must be care-

ful in words and deeds to sustain his reputation as a just and good man which he has thus built up for himself."

Mr. Clark writes further, that there are none of the old-time "platform" or scaffold burial-places near here. In some illustrations we may note the "intermediate stage," bodies placed in boxes of some sort (in one case a trunk is shown.) These bodies are left unburied at the "Place of the Ghosts." Heavy stones are placed upon and around them to prevent the wind and the wolves from disturbing them. Mr. Clark writes:

"I have frequent appeals for lumber to make plain coffins and most often decline giving aid for want of one board to spare for the purpose. It gives one a pang of regret when we see the body of a child has been placed in a second-hand trunk or that a lumber-wagon box has been made over into a coffin for a Christian Indian rather than go back to the old way."

"The Christian Indians frequently are found to have placed the baptismal certificates, prayer-books and hymnals in their children's coffins. As they become able they buy tombstones to be erected at the head of the graves."

In Colonel Inman's *Great Salt Lake Trail* is found the following account of a funeral of a Bruhl Indian chief:

"The corpse of the deceased chief was brought to the fort by his relatives with a request that the whites should assist at his burial. A scaffold was erected for the reception of the body which in the meantime had been fitted for its last airy tenement. The duty was performed in the following manner:

It was first washed, then arrayed in the habiliments last worn by the deceased during life, and *sewed in several envelopes of lodge-skin* with his bows and arrows and pipe. This done, all things were ready for the proposed burial. The corpse was borne to its final resting-place followed by a throng of relatives and friends. While moving onward with the dead the train of mourners filled the air with lamentations and rehearsals of the virtues and meritorious deeds of their late chief."

"Arrived at the scaffold the corpse was carefully reposed upon it *facing the east,* while beneath its head was placed a small sack of meat, tobacco, and vermillion. A covering of scarlet cloth was then spread over it and the body firmly lashed to its place by long strips of rawhide. This done the horse of the chieftain was produced as a sacrifice for the benefit of his master in his long journey to the celestial hunting grounds."

Such is a short and necessary imperfect account of some of the burial customs of our noble aborigines, the North American Indians. If we read aright the lessons the simple earnest lives of these people teach us, we shall be better and truer men and worship more reverently the God of the red man and of the pale-face, the "Heavenly Father" of us all, white or red, black or yellow. We are his children and He the loving parent.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

This contribution which I offer concerning Indian religious character is more in the nature of homage for a people who have by their manly sincerity won my affection; otherwise, there is very little which is new. The works of Parkman, Catlin, Inman, not to mention the rich archives of our great Smithsonian Institution to which so many well-known authorities have contributed, would make my few words seem infinitesimal had I other excuse for presenting them. I have known the Indians since when in my boyhood days I rode the saddle with the gallant "long knives" of the dear old 3rd U. S. Cavalry. I have met many tribes since then, but dearer to me than any other are my *Christian* friends of the Ojibways—warriors, orators, farmers, fathers, mothers, but all the "children of the same Father!"

Their religious character is one of their most conspicuous traits, and we are bound to acknowledge and respect them for it. A people devout, and with a strong and genuine belief in the "Great Spirit," in the "Mighty Creator," in the "loving attentive Father"—a people devoted to their country, to their nation, to their homes (humble though they be),

to their families, and whose love for their children is beautiful beyond description,—such a people demonstrate beyond a doubt that their *religion* is practical, genuine, and worthy of recognition. These people are an inspiration to the palefaces who have met them!

When I asked my brave old friend Emmengahbowh the beloved Indian priest of the Episcopal Mission at White Earth, Minnesota, what actuated him in risking his life to save the paleface women and children from capture and death, he replied: "They have been kind to me, and I could not bear to have them harmed, and it was my duty as a Christian." Can a man do more than risk or give his life for his friends?

The great good friend of the Indian, whom they call Straight-tongue, in his interesting book, *The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate,* refers to his faithful priest Emmengahbowk:

"The wily chief Hole-in-the-Day had planned for a massacre at the same time on the northern border. But Emmengahbowh had sent a faithful messenger to Mille Sacs, to urge the Indians to be true to the whites and to send men to protect the fort. More than a hundred Mille Sacs warriors went at once to the fort, but meantime Emmengahbowk himself walked all night down Gull River, dragging a canoe containing his wife and children, that he might give warning to the fort. Two of his children died from the exposure. Messages were also sent to the white settlers, and before Hole-in-the-Day could begin war the massacre was averted.

"I have never known an Atheist among the North American Indians. They believe unquestionably in

a future life. They believe that everything in nature—the laughing water-fall, the rock, the sky, the forest—contains a divinity, and all mysteries are accounted for by these spirits, which they call manidos. When they first saw a telegraph they said: "A spirit carries a message on the wires."

"The Ojibways are not idolaters, they never bow down nor worship any created thing. They have preserved a tradition of one Supreme God whom they call "Gitche-manito'—the 'Uncreated,' or the kind, cherishing Spirit. They believe that the Grand Medicine was given them by an intermediate deity, the 'Grand Medicine-God.' "*

When an Indian is thought to be at the point of death, his friends and relatives make careful preparation and nothing is omitted to insure an honorable funeral ceremony. The dying Indian's hair is combed and oiled and braided, and he is dressed in his best clothing; if possible a new suit is provided—new blankets, leggings, and moccasins. His face is painted red (vermillion). It may be an hour, a day, or many days, before death takes place, but he is made ready for the final event with scrupulous care and attention in every detail.

"Indians are at all times prayerful and careful in their religious observances, but they are never more scrupulous about these matters than when starting on the war-path."** Those whom they have left behind pray for them at camp. The parents unwrap their sacred bundles and sing their sacred songs. Before eating, the warrior prays for the

*Bishop Whipple, *Lights and Shadows.*

**Grinnell.

success of his undertaking. He must seek his success from Diety; without divine aid his task is hopeless, he can accomplish nothing. Each man is instructed before he sleeps to offer up his petition for strength and help and victory. The leader must offer his sacrifice for the command as well as for himself. Oftentimes the Indians continue all night in prayer, and burn incense of sweet pine and sweet grass to purify themselves. Often he offers sacrifices of food, tobacco, ornaments, some of his own hair, a scalp lock, or even a portion of his own flesh. He makes use of scourging and of incisions into his flesh, often causing sharp haemorrhage, and even fiery coals are placed upon his naked skin to strengthen his powers of endurance and of self-control.

The Indians believe that when the spirit reaches its final destination, the great country, the Happy Hunting-ground, the final life-everlasting is forever and peacefully attained!

He forgets not his dead, this North American Indian, but often, not only once a year as on our All Souls' Day, but more frequently, they hold their rude commemorative ceremonies, and contribute from their slender means the best feast they can produce. Nor does this charity extend to the dead alone; he is peculiarly tender in his love for children, for the infirm, for the demented, the wounded and the dying. If compassion is the test of true religion, the Indian deserves respect. Tales of his barbarity are in the excitement of war; but how tame our Indians appear when compared with the cruel Chinese!

The Grand Medicine Man at the funeral ceremonies

says in his address to the departed spirit, as he kindly spreads over the corpse the blanket:

"Do not look back, but look to your journey towards the setting sun. Let nothing disturb or distract you or cause you to look away from your journey's path—Go—Go, in peace!"

Then another medicine man repeats this; then all in unison sing these words:

"I walk on peacefully for my long journey of life,
Soon, soon to reach the end of my journey,
Soon to reach my friends who have gone before me."

When this chant is ended, the Grand Medicine Man calls in a loud voice:

"Nuh-gah-kuk-nuw
Nuh-gah-kuk-nuw."

"An Indian burial is most touching. If of a child, the mother places the play-things of the little one in the birch-bark coffin, and strews flowers in the grave. She then makes an image of the baby, ornamenting the head with feathers, and carries it with her for one year. If of a chief or warrior, the body is arrayed as if for the chase or war-path with bows and arrows and medicine-bag by his side. The favorite dog is killed, that it may accompany him on his journey. The orator of the band then addresses the silent figure, telling of his deeds of bravery, of how he pursued his enemies and brought back their scalps, of his wise words of counsel and acts of kindness, and how having left this world for the Happy Hunting-grounds, he will find the trail a narrow one, and will be tempted by evil spirits to turn aside, but that he must be deaf, for if he stops to listen he will miss the trail and be lost."

Lt. Totten of the United States army believed our North American Indians to be the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. A recent article in the Springfield Republican of January 12th, 1913, entitled "American Indians from Asia" seems to confirm this idea. Certainly their traditions point to the region of Behring's Strait as the place from whence they came and whither they are wending. But whether their customs and their beliefs are merely human nature, showing out in redskin as well as in paleface, there is a startling similarity in Indian laws of hygiene, of cleanliness, and customs of the men and women, to say nothing of their reverence for the Great and Sacred Name, which suggest Israelitish origin. And the "Chosen Race" need not be ashamed of them! The attitude of worship, the bowed head, the instantly extended palms when the sacred Diety is referred to, are surely remarkable. What other Aborigines are so devout and sincere, so brave in suffering, so fearless in battle, so loving to children, so faithful in friendship, so unselfish, and so true?

The Indian's heaven we know as his happy hunting-grounds—a country of wide green and cool, clear streams, where the buffalo and other game are always plenty and fat, where the lodges (tepees) are ever new and white, the ponies always swift, the war parties successful, and the people happy.

Sometimes the Indian, "When the slanting rays of the Western sun tinge the autumnal haze with red, beholds dimly far away the white lodges of such a happy camp and sees thro' the mist and dust ghostly warriors returning from the hunt, leading

horses as in olden times, with dripping meat and with shaggy skins.''*

This happy land is usually located *above* the sky, but with many tribes it is to the west beyond the *Gitche gummee,* the Big Sea Water. But wherever the home of the ''Almighty Creator,'' the ''Great Spirit,'' may be, his Indian children love best to call him by the endearing title of ''Father.'' Although called by this name which the Saviour taught His followers to utter, whether of the white, the yellow, the black, or the red peoples, the Indian regards this ''Father'' as omnipotent, beneficent, the Supreme Ruler. Everything is within His Holy Keeping, just as *we* have been taught that no sparrow falls to the ground without *our* Heavenly Father's consent.**

Resting upon His Fatherhood, nothing is undertaken without praying for His assistance. When the pipe is lighted, a few whiffs are blown upwards as incense. Some of the food is sacrificed to Him. Burnt offerings are still continued in His honor, a part of the first deer, the first buffalo, and we might almost expect to find their rule in the words of the Bible—''Whatever we do, do all to the glory of God.'' The words may be absent, but the practice is there.

''Father above'' is the counterpart of ''Our Father who art in Heaven,'' for do they not say, ''Father who is in *all* places,'' ''The Heavens are Thy house; we, Thy children, live within (or beneath)?''

''Father of the dead, You see us.''

If the Indians have other gods, they use them

*Grinnell. **St. Matthew x. 29.

merely by praying to them, "intercede for us," "pray for us" to *the* God, the "Heavenly Father."

Atius Tirana is Father Spirit. The Indian blows the first four smokes to Atius, then four to the earth, then four to each of the cardinal points.

The young warrior is advised: "My son, when thou smokest in thy pipe, always blow four smokes to the east,—to the night." The Indian regards the east as the place of night, it *comes* from the east!

The Indian is taught that he must offer sacrifices and burnt offerings to the Almighty—humbling himself and imploring His aid—if he would attain success in the world or in the life "*everlasting.*" The Indian states his belief in his prayer: "My Father who dwelleth in Heaven and in all places, it is through *You* that I am living;" and it is the equivalent of our "In Him we live and have our being."

Longfellow, in *Hiawatha,* has beautifully told the story of Indian worship and belief. Pathetic beyond description is the tender, loving care bestowed upon the dead,—the solemn service, the sweet hymns, the birch-covered coffin, the hemlock-lined grave, the gentle depositing of the earth, and last, but not least, the little sheltering house above with its small window and the cross of hope rising from its eastern gable.

How beautiful in Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is the picture of the Indian's Heavenly Father, the Almighty Creator. One picture in His majesty touching the mountains, and the other,

> **"Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,**
> **The creator of the nations,**
> **Looked upon them with compassion,**
> **With paternal love and pity."**

And then the poet tells in his matchless verse such

a story of Indian belief in the Almighty Creator that one feels as if the Indians should send missionaries to the palefaces!

Surely, a people with no "cuss" words, and who never mention the name of Deity except in reverence, and with bowed heads and palms extended outward, are justly entitled to respect. It is indeed inspiring to see these people we call savages going with their humble petitions to their Heavenly Father, pleading for help in their distress when all earthly help has failed.

"Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
Give your children food, O Father,
Give us food, or we must perish."

This prayer from the *Famine* is one of Longfellow's greatest pictures in his unrivalled collection. The poem of *Hiawatha* is best appreciated by those who know the Indian. The "parting" is a picture with which to close our quotation. "Westward, Westward," is the word ever on their lips, so mournful and so prophetic.

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind
Of the north-west wind Kee-way-din,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

Dr. Parker with "Long Feather" and others of his Chippewa Indian friends.

IN THE LAND OF HIAWATHA.*

The aboriginal inhabitants of America from the earliest times have been known as Indians, and to the Indians the white people are known as Pale Faces. Very commonly our ideas of the Indians are limited; we speak of them in a general sense, los-

*The Song of Hiawatha has called forth praise from scholars and ridicule from pessimists. It has been laughed at and parodied until even its wondrous beauty and faithful imagery have been well-nigh lost sight of.

Beyond a peradventure nothing exists in the English language presenting such a faithful portrayal of North American Indian life, unless we except the classical works of McKinney and Catlin, or the more recent work of that soldier and scholar, Colonel Dodge of the U. S. Army. Hiawatha was a Chippewa brave, and no history of his nation would be complete without reference to this wonderful poem. The traditions and Indian language which Longfellow uses are Ojibway. The history of this great nation, like that of other Indian tribes, has been treasured as traditionary lore, and has been passed on from age to age in the narratives of old sages to the listening throngs around them—at the war-dance, in the council, or at the wigwam fire:

"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odor of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With the frequent repetitions
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forest and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways."

ing sight of the fact that there are over two hundred tribes living within the United States.

These tribes differ as widely from one another as the tribes or nations of "Pale Faces" are distinct from each other. Whatever the North American Indian may be, he is certainly not what many of our Eastern people are willing to call Indian. He is not a negro, who possesses in the past history of his family a trace of relationship with some Indian of more or less pure blood; such specimens are seen about our railway stations and at some of our summer resorts, selling bead and basket work, and suggest to many their ideas of American Indians. A thoroughbred Indian will not even recognize a half-breed as an Indian. With them a half-breed is no better than a squaw-man.

Native American is a more fitting and honorable name for the people who inhabited this land before the white man came. Where on the face of the earth can we find natives to be compared to them? The early settlers of this great country, in their struggles for life and a home, gave us nothing but fragmentary sketches of the nations they came in contact with, and by whom they were nearly overpowered and annihilated.

Would it were possible to collect more of the history of such aborigines! Much indeed of their history and tradition has passed away, and when we seek for records of the nations who occupied this great continent, comparatively little is to be found. There is, however, some material within reach today, and opportunities still exist to obtain specimens of their arms, clothing, implements, etc. But within a very few years almost every remaining ves-

tige will have disappeared forever. That comparative oblivion should be the destiny of such remarkable nations is a national misfortune for us. We have a right to be proud of our aborigines, and yet we must blush with shame when we consider how deeply we have wronged them.

Whatever the Indian has been in the past, and in spite of his present condition—deplorable as it certainly is—our nation has still some time left to deal with these people honorably and justly, as it is the duty of a God-fearing people to do. They will respond in time, but it is not to be wondered at if they seem incredulous at first. It is wicked to condemn them as beasts fit only for extermination; improve them, educate them. This can be done by dealing justly with them. No words of mine can sufficiently condemn the cowardly saying, "that the only good Indian is a *dead* Indian!"

An Austrian officer once said to me, that he considered the British soldiers the bravest on the face of the earth, because "you cannot conquer them or whip them, *you must kill them.*" It is so with our Indians, they neither give nor ask for quarter; this is easily understood when we consider how they have always been situated.

It has been with them a war for life, a struggle for existence, and disputes have always been settled man-fashion on the field of battle.

Those who know most about our native American (our so called Indians) respect them most; those who have lived longest with them love them most; the most brutal and cowardly of our frontiersmen hate them most, and they have reason to do so. Indian character is contradictory. They are brave

but cautious and generous; dashing in attack, stubborn in defence; enduring, stoical, patient, hardy; fond of feasting, but ready for days of marching and fighting, with scarcely any nourishment; alert, unforgiving when wronged; revengeful, cruel, and treacherous in war; loving as friends, indulgent and affectionate as parents; sympathetic in adversity, eloquent in counsel; by nature deeply and truly religious.

Our native red Americans, unlike those of New Mexico and Central and South America, are believers in God, although they call Him the "Great Spirit." They are absolutely free from profanity and hypocrisy. In short, they are the noblest race of aborigines on the face of this earth.

My experience has brought me in contact with many different Indian nations, both in peace and war, but in my opinion the Ojibways are the most interesting for investigation and study. Doctor Hoffman, lately an Acting Assistant Surgeon of the United States Army, in an article concerning Shaministich practices, states that the area of country formerly occupied by the immense tribes, consisting of the Algonquin linguistic stock, extends from Nova Scotia southward to the James River, and westward to Montana.

To these divisions belong the tribes first met with by the French traders in Canada as early as 1634, by the Puritans in Massachusetts, and by Captain John Smith's band of colonists in Virginia. They are believed to be considerably in advance of the tribes of most other divisions, and one of the most interesting bodies from an ethnologic point of view

is the Chippewa or Ojibway tribe, of the Lake Superior region.

The Chippewas are the nearly extinct remnant of the great Algonquin family; they are tall, fine-looking, and intelligent men; brave and fearless, faithful in friendship, and possessing the noblest traits of any Indian tribe. Their ancient enemies were the Foxes, Iroquois, and Sioux. The latter they have driven from the head-waters of the Mississippi River, and from the Red River of the North; always defeating them in woody countries, though often worsted when battling them on the plains. Their home has been in the forest and on the stream. They have been experts in hunting, fishing, and canoe-building, and excel in woodcraft generally.

The Chippewas served with the French in the early wars against the colonists, and afterwards in the Revolution, as allies of the British. It is only within recent years that the interminable war between them and their hated enemies, the Sioux, has been brought to an end.

In 1830 the United States Government endeavored to arrest the existing war between them, and in 1880 the hatchet was publicly buried forever.

The more important bands of the Chippewas were the Otter Tail, Peminas, Mississippi Pillagers, and Millacs. The manners, customs, traditions, and language of the Chippewas have been investigated by many, and they are better known than those of any other tribe.

The setting sun has been their emblem or sign in the heavens, as they have journeyed towards its sinking rays along the St. Lawrence westward. Indeed, the setting sun has been for all the Indians

a sign in the heavens, for they, like it, must fade away from human sight. It does seem as if they were worthier of a better fate.

The gayly decked trees of autumn are typical of them—the cold, cruel winds of winter will ruthlessly scatter them; the icy and merciless grasp of a white man will crush them—

> "Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
> Like the withered leaves of autumn."

So our native Americans are rapidly fading and passing way. Reduced in strength and influence, they number at present only a few thousands of comparatively weak and inoffensive families. They recognize the inevitable destiny in store for them; soon the sun will forever set upon them as a nation, soon their records will be but ancient traditions, soon their relics will be but the few scattered pieces preserved in our museums.

Remnants of the once powerful Chippewa nation are to be found mostly in northern Minnesota. Where did these Indians originate, is a question which has often been asked, but never answered with any degree of certainty. It seems to me very clear that the earliest history of the Ojibways is to be found in the region of the Laurentian hills, and that their records cover the ground from the St. Lawrence to their present abiding-place.

The three leading reservations are at White Earth, Red Lake, and Leech Lake. If we look at the map of the North American continent, and place a finger as nearly as possible at its central point, we shall find that we are very near Itasca or Holy Cross Lake, the source of the Mississippi River, and

in the center of the present home of the Chippewa Indians.

The land is fertile, dotted with numberless lakes, and more or less covered with valuable timber. It is a cold country in winter, the temperature going down as low as fifty-five degrees below zero; for weeks together the mercury is frozen. In summer, great extremes of heat are reached; often it is as high as 112 degrees in the shade. In this climate of great extremes, with shelter none too good, and food of the poorest quality, and very often with insufficient clothing, the Chippewa Indians are making an effort to live.

Unpromising as the condition is at present, it is infinitely better than anyone supposed it ever could be twenty years ago. It is to the noble and unselfish devotion of Christian friends that the Chippewas are indebted for whatever prosperity they may at present enjoy.

Forty years ago our Indian system was at its worst. "It was a blunder and a crime; it recognized nomadic tribes as independent nations; it destroyed the advisory power of the chiefs, and gave nothing in its place; it recognized no personal rights of property; it gave no protection to person or life; it punished no crime; its emoluments were rewards for political service; and most of the treaties were framed to use the Indian as a key to unlock the public treasury. At best, it was heathen savagery."

President Lincoln once said concerning the disgraceful conduct of Indian affairs, "If I live, this accursed system shall be reformed!" One thing that must be evident to every thinking man is,

that our governmental mismanagement has been the cause of great wrong, much suffering, and other evils, even terminating in serious bloodshed.

The present outlook is gloomy enough, but the silver lining of the cloud is the work of Christian Missionaries, and in this work the Catholic Church has from the beginning, even until now, been far in the lead. One great stumbling-block towards success is the present physical condition of the red man. From an out-of-door life of activity, with plenty of fresh game and wholesome food and clear water, with a healthful tepee for his home, he has been placed in a log-cabin, overheated with iron stoves, given the poorest quality of flour and salted meat, and in exchange for an active life, one of idleness. Under these circumstances, is it at all remarkable, if, in some instances, he has degenerated mentally and physically? For the Indian, as well as for any one else, idleness can act only as a serious injury.

The recent troubles which threatened us in the northwestern frontier are attributable to this very cause. In idleness the Indian recounts the stories of his ancestors' battles, and makes ready for an opportunity to emulate their prowess.

Indian treachery can only hope to imitate, never to excel, the lessons taught by the white man in his official dealings with them. They have been robbed whenever it was possible to impose upon them, and I fear they will be, until none are left on whom to impose.

Bishop Whipple relates an incident which occured some years ago, when some speculators wished to obtain a valuable tract of land belonging to the Chippewas. Efforts were made to induce them to

sell their lands and move north to Leech Lake; an agent representing the Government called a council, and addressed the assembly of chiefs somewhat after this fashion:

"My red brothers, your great Father has heard how you have been wronged; He said, 'I will send to them an honest man.' He looked in the north and the south and the east and the west, and when He saw me, He said, 'this is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty years have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, and in all this time I have never done wrong to any man. Now, as your friend, I wish you to sign this treaty." One of the chiefs, old Shah-bah-shong, sprang to his feet, and said, "Pale-faced friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head, and silvered it over with gray, but they *have not blown away my brains.*" The council was ended.

The future prospects of the Indians depend entirely upon the wisdom with which the Government will deal with them. It is impossible to manage such an important question with the weak and inadequate Indian bureau at present existing. If, as a nation, we are satisfied that the Indians deserve, and should receive a reasonable amount of justice and fair dealing, we must greatly increase and perfect the machinery to carry out the needed reforms. Under the present mismanagement, only accidentally can good result, only by divine protection can these poor children hope for any real justice. Unselfish and honest as are the efforts of the associations to which I have already referred, they are powerless to prevent the opportunities for evil at present ex-

isting, although their good influence is recognized, and robbery cannot be so openly carried out as formerly.

As Americans, our country is thrown into more or less turmoil every four years by the excitement attending the presidential election; as citizens, we labor to bring about changes we may deem necessary. A new president is elected, new cabinet officers appointed, but the men "behind the thrones" in the various departments—war, navy, interior, and Indian Commissioner's office—these remain year in and year out, whether we have a Democratic or a Republican President! The cabinet officers are called upon, perchance, to solve great problems; but the multitudinous questions which continuously arise are settled by these employees, who, in one way or another, have intrenched themselves in governmental positions, until any likelihood of their being relieved is exceedingly remote.

Upon the intelligence and honesty of these people much of our national work depends. The citizens imagine that the new administration will remove old wrongs, and execute needed reforms; but year after year the same condition of affairs, in all the different departments, continues, and the recognized heads, such as the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War, exercise only feebly the duties of their offices. They are continually met with obstacles insurmountable in their endeavors to introduce the needed reforms; this is equally true in the Indian service! Nothing but a "clean sweep," involving immense expense and labor, would fit these institutions to mete out any hope of justice in regard to the difficult questions at present obtaining. I

hope I may be pardoned for expressing myself so forcibly on this subject, but I feel the deepest interest in the Indian question, and recognize my duty to state, as nearly as I can, what, I *think*, is the cause of so much trouble and wrong-doing to those we are in honor bound to protect and educate. It is the old story, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

The Indian is a very acute discerner of character; he separates truth from falsehood with more readiness than most people are willing to allow. It is on this account that the Government should exert its *protecting care* in the selection of missionaries as well as in other appointments.

Whenever any serious complications have arisen in the management of the Indians, the army has been called upon to provide a remedy. Why not avoid many of these evils by placing the Indians under the care of the officers of the United States army? They know them better than any one else; their commissions are permanent during good behavior. Politics would be powerless to exert a harmful influence, and the condition of the Indians would be better, and supplies of all kinds would be more sure to reach them, and be honestly distributed. Thousands of dollars would be saved to the Government annually, and harmony and peace would be more likely to endure. I am one strongly in favor of the transfer of the Indians to the care of the War Department, provided the Government would also supply suitable teachers and instructors. My experience teaches me that what is true of the white man applies with equal force to the Indian: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." To make the

Indian happy, you must keep him *well employed,* and begin with wholesome, useful teaching, and so make it possible for him to receive fair wages for his labor. Industrial education is most important for him. I think the admirable system carried on by General Armstrong and Captain Pratt proves this assertion.

Copway, or Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, a Chippewa Indian, wrote in 1850 a work concerning the Ojibways, which is well worth reading. He said: "Education and Christianity are to the Indian what wings are to the eagle which soars above his home—they elevate him; and these, given him by men of right views, enable him to rise above degradation, and hover about the high mounts of wisdom and truth." These words are true to-day, and when we consider they were written by one who laid aside his bow, and went to school in Illinois for only twenty months, we recognize the fact that the Indian is certainly capable of education. He states that during a residence of six years among the Pale Faces, he acquired a knowledge of men and things, and that he desired to learn still more, so that his brothers in the far west might share with him his crust of information. He says: "For this end I have labored, and do labor, and will continue to labor, until success crowns my efforts, or my hands and voice are silent in the home of the departed."

"It can be proved that the introduction of Christianity into the Indian tribes has been productive of immense good; it has changed customs as old as any on the earth; it has dethroned error and has enthroned truth. This fact is enough to convince any one of the injustice and falsity of the common

saying 'that the Indian will be Indian still.' Give the Indian the means of education, and he will avail himself of them; keep them from him, and let me tell you, he is not the only loser."

Copway relates a beautiful story, showing Indian honor, told him by Ne-gah-ba-an, in 1834. An Indian, while intoxicated, had killed another and fled; by Indian law, the relatives of the murdered man should take their vengeance upon the murderer's family. They thereupon seized the brother who remained, and bound him to the stake. Twelve Indians stood with drawn arrows, at thirty paces, to execute him; he requested them to wait for an instant, and with a loud voice cried out: "My brother, if you can endure the idea that hereafter the nation shall look upon us as a race of cowards, live, but I choose to die in your stead." As he said this the murderer sprang from the thicket, came forward, and threw himself at his feet, saying that he was merely trying to get over the effects of the intoxication, that he might die like a man. Thereupon he took his place at the stake, and sang his death song:

Ne,-bah-bah-moo-say-ke-zhe,-goon-ai
Ne-ge-chog-a-ye-shaw'-wod.

And as he finished his last words, the arrows flew to his heart.

A poor Indian died neglected, carrying to his grave a certificate, stating that "Taopi, or Wounded Man, is entitled to the lasting gratitute of the United States, for having, with other Christian Indians, rescued two hundred white women and children during the Sioux War." He has gone to the land

where, as Red Cloud once said, "it is hoped white men will tell no lies."

We are all more or less familiar with the Indian's qualities of bravery, endurance, and strategy, but few seem to know of his affectionate love as a parent, his devotion to and interest in his children, his respect for religion, and his absolute *abhorrence* of profanity. Whenever he mentions the name of the Deity, "Gitche-manito," Great Spirit, he bows his head reverently and extends his arms, the palms of his hands upward, a picture well worth the contemplation of his pale face brother.

When Bishop Whipple first saw the Chippewa Indians, they were a lot of poor, miserable wretches, ill-fed and ill-clothed, many of them given to drink, and wasted by disease. White men laughed at his humane intentions, but he proceeded in his noble endeavor to elevate them, mentally and physically, and to save their souls. Through his efforts White Earth reservation, the fairest of our Indian homes, was created. White Earth is twenty-three miles north of "Detroit City," in northwestern Minnesota. The agency quarters are prettily situated near a clear lake, and consist of a government building, the day-schools, headquarters of the agent, police headquarters, post-office, storehouses and a few small stores, government employees' houses, Indian cabins, etc. This is the centre of the large reservation, but the main population is scattered over a large extent of territory. Each family lives on its own farm of one hundred and sixty acres, allotted by the Government.

The schools of the reservation are well managed and well patronized; they are two in number—a

boarding and a day school. The boarding scholars have a separate building for residence, but they attend school in the building with the day scholars. A visit to the schools is very interesting, and the recitations compare favorably with those of the eastern schools with scholars of the same age. Sunday-school is held in the day-school building every Sunday, and nothing is left undone that will improve the minds and bodies of the Indian children.

Although the Indian adults rarely will, or rarely can, speak English, yet there are growing up all around them children from ten to fifteen years of age who not only understand, but can both speak and write very well in the white man's language.

This natural diffidence in speaking English, even when they can do so, is well shown in the following incident: A beautiful young Indian girl came one morning to the hospital and inquired for me. As she had declined to answer me in English, I supposed she could not speak our language. She made known through my interpreter what she wanted, and waited in the dispensary for me to prepare the needed medicine. While I was putting it up, some one happened to pass the door. I called attention in English, remarking on the girl's comeliness of figure, her beautiful eyes and teeth, and general good looks. I did this while I was at work, speaking in such a way as would not lead her to suppose I was talking of her. When I had finished putting up my medicines, I handed them to her, and she, looking roguishly in my face, said in the best of English, "Thank you, doctor, for your compliments." My feelings can be better imagined than described.

For the maintenance of good order on the reser-

vation, an admirable police force has been organized. The men are a fine-looking lot, and would be a credit to the police force of any land; they carry no arms except on special occasions, or in case of danger. They wear a neat-fitting gray uniform, with "United States Police" on their buttons and on their caps.

There were two stores upon the reservation permitted by the Government, and under its careful supervision and inspection. These were long, low buildings, very similiar in appearance and in contents, to the country store. Here the Indian bought his clothing, tobacco, and the little luxuries which he thought necessary for himself and family. When out of money he obtained credit by orders on his yearly allowance, or by promises to pay in the wheat and vegetables which he might raise in the future, or by pawning his valuable bead ornaments or furs. Pay-day comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer for the Indian to a limited extent, for most of his money finds its way into the hands of the trader. Then the clans are assembled by their chiefs, and muster for pay; one by one their names are called, and they present themselves in their best attire, and receive the head money, eight dollars each, for themselves, their wives, and their children. They also receive presents of clothing, tinware, cutlery, etc. Indian blankets are especially prized; they are quite commonly worn over white men's clothing, around the waist, or thrown over the shoulders, and the feather and paint are still seen occasionally on the reservation, but the white men's clothing is superseding the picturesque Indian dress. However, all, save a few young women, retain the moccasin, and even the rector of

Saint Columba wore his moccasins in the chancel. Many baptized Indians have cut their hair quite short, like the white men, but the braided hair, one on each side of the head, is mostly in style. The younger portion of the community take pride in adopting the clothing of the pale face.

The modern Indian cabin furnished by the Government is built of hewn logs, with good floors, windows, and doors. These, of course, are greatly in demand in the winter months, but mostly all cling to the comforts of the wigwam in the warm summer months. These are built of birch-bark, upon strong wooden frames about eight feet high, and twenty to thirty feet or more in circumference. Platforms for sleeping-mats are built within the wigwam, a bare place in the center being left for the ever-burning fire. An aperture in the roof permits the escape of smoke and secures good ventilation. The reed-mats, used for carpets, are very beautiful specimens of work, and would secure large prices in New York or Boston. The door is usually guarded by a herd of worthless, ravenous dogs. The Indian finds the wigwams very comfortable, even in the coldest winter nights, with the temperature fifty degrees below zero.

The Indian warrior is well trained, not only in the use of his weapons but in the valuable lessons of strategy. He studies intelligently the signs existing about him, in the trampled grass and earth, the broken twig, the size and number of fires, and their remains. From earliest childhood he learns to be a patient hunter, but above all he studies to conquer himself, to be patient in suffering, fearless in battle, indifferent to death, and when captured, to endure

torture nobly, and to look his enemies calmly in the face.

In the bloody wars, waged with ever-varying fortune against his hated enemies, the Sioux, could be found good examples of true heroism and unselfish deeds of daring. The Indian is now as well armed as the white man, but in olden times his arms consisted of a war-club, spear, bow and arrows, a scalping-knife, and the famous tomahawk. All these have disappeared from use, unless we except the tomahawk, which is still retained more as an emblem of authority than as a weapon of war. These tomahawks are made of steel and brass, a combined pipe and battle-axe in one. The handle is usually ornamented with brass tacks and strips of otter-skin. The *peace-pipe* is a very gorgeous affair, the stem of which is decorated with gay ribbons, horse-hair, and beadwork. The bowl is obtained in barter from the Sioux, and comes from the famous red-pipe-stone quarries of Dakota. The pipes used at councils are very often valuable and highly ornamented, and the ceremonies observed in lighting, presenting, and smoking them, are exceedingly interesting to witness.

Mee-chee-kee-gee-shig has been the famous war-chief, or general, of the Chippewas in many of their battles with the savage Sioux. He is a tall, fine-looking Indian, of commanding appearance, straight as an arrow, stoical and dignified, not easily aroused, either to anger or mirth, but with a heart of much kindness. He was a faithful friend, and in this respect no white man could outdo him. Like all Indians, he had a great regard for his personal appearance, and was always neatly and even well

dressed after the fashion of his race. He wore on his feet handsome and well-made moccasins, heavily beaded, and on his legs well-fitted buckskin leggings, with broad and showy garters of solid beadwork and skunk fur, with four eagles' feathers suspended from each; these signified four Sioux killed in battle. His coat was of black broadcloth, without belt, but suspended from either shoulder, across his chest to his hips, were immense tobacco-pouches, of the most expensive design and costliest beads. For earrings he wore eight of pure silver, four in each ear; around his head, like a turban, an elegantly beaded otter-skin, and rising from his scalp-lock a long eagle's feather was worn, chiefly in pride, a symbol of at least one scalp taken in battle with his old enemies. His raven hair was deeply parted, and the parting stained with vermillion; it was also carefully oiled and braided, one braid hanging at each side of the head, at the ear; the plaits were tied with blue braid. He carried in his pocket a handkerchief, which he used like a white man, and his bearing in the presence of ladies was always polite and courteous. At table he was a well-mannered man, eating as he saw others eat. I have often noticed, if he wanted to cough at table, he would turn his head away and bring his hand to his mouth. Indeed, I have met white men who could learn many lessons of politeness from my friend Mee-chee-kee-gee-shig. He never spoke English, and it is hard to believe that he could, but once I heard him utter an English word. We were out together hunting deer, and were waiting a moment for a little rest, when the Indian came up to me with the funniest show of mirth and said

the one word *"Cold."* The familiar word, from one whom I supposed knew no English, surprised me, and I asked him then and there if he could not understand me; but his stoical features gave no sign; he shook his head, and made indications that he could not. We spent much time together, and no one on the reservation was more welcome at my fireside than the kind friend, the Chippewa chief. I know he entertained the highest regard for me, which was well proven in the following instance:

I had had some trouble with an hospital attendant, the only Sioux on the reservation, an ill-tempered and dangerous man, and for his laziness and general worthlessness I discharged him. I sent him away in the morning, and he showed considerable ill-nature, so much so that I was warned to look out for him, as an Indian, when ugly, is dangerous, since he has no regard for future reward or punishment. That very night there was an entertainment at the agency, a mile and a half away, and all the attendants in the hospital went to it. I was sitting alone in the parlor, smoking, when the door-gong sounded. Carrying a little lamp in my hand, I went to the door and opened it. To my surprise in stepped the discharged Sioux; he could not speak Chippewa, and I could not speak Sioux, and so for an instant we looked at each other, until he started for the dining-room, then out to the kitchen and the laundry, and finally to the wood-shed. I followed him cautiously, with my thumb in my hip-pocket, so that, if occasion arose, I could quickly seize a heavy revolver which I always carried. I feared the man intended to

spring at me, dashing the lamp from my grasp, and in the darkness to wrestle with me; so I kept him well in view. He came back to the kitchen, back again to the dining-room, and suddenly entered the pantry closet, where, to my surprise, he found his large hunting-knife. When I saw he had found his knife I wondered what he proposed to do with it. He merely held it up for me to see, said "Bozho,"* and quietly left the hospital. As I closed the door I turned and saw, standing in the parlor doorway, my good friend, Mee-chee-kee-gee-chig. He said, "Ka-ween-one-zhe-shin, ge-get, ka-ween-one-zhe-shin, verily no good." We went into the parlor and smoked together until the return of my interpreter, and then my friend informed him that he had seen the Sioux starting for the hospital, and had followed him stealthily all the way, and when he had entered he had followed us through the various rooms waiting only for any danger to spring to my assistance. The act of faithful friendship I shall never forget as long as life lasts.

Another incident will seem, under the circumstances, all the more remarkable, and shows how difficult it is to teach the Indian without ocular demonstration. One evening, when we were having our usual smoke together in the pleasant hospital parlor, the subject of chickens came up. I was telling him about the beautiful fowls we have in the Eastern States, large eggs, and fat chickens, and light Brahmas worth ten dollars apiece. I tried to describe a poultry exhibition, and when at

*"Bozho," probably a corruption of "bon jour," learned from the French traders—"good day."

last I attempted the description of an incubator I discovered my friend's faith in me had received a severe shock. The interpreter informed me that he could not imagine such a thing, and the more he tried to explain the more the Indian refused to credit the story. "Tell the medicine-man," said the chief, "I am a poor Indian, and that I have seen little of the white man's home, but as poor as I am, and as ignorant as I am, he must not try to impose upon me, with stories of chickens hatched by a lamp instead of by a hen! We know better than that, for we have watched and witnessed how the little chickens come to life, and how they are nursed until strong enough to look out for themselves; as for the big chickens, it may be so, but such have never been seen in the West." The interpreter tried to make him understand my explanations, but the harder he tried the more determined was the Indian's refusal. "A chicken hatched by a lamp, Ka-ween, ka-ween!"* It was simply absurd. I persisted in my statements so strongly that my friend excused himself and left the hospital, and I did not see him again for several days. But I could never induce him to believe that pale faces could hatch chickens with a lamp.

I could tell you of his devotion as a husband, his deep yet heroic grief at the loss of his beloved children; his unselfish courage in accompanying me one cold winter night on a dangerous ride over many miles of prairie to rescue a poor Indian woman and her desperately sick infant. I remember the last look I had of his manly, true-hearted

*Ka-ween—"positively not."

face, as he stood, with studied stoicism, watching us drive away over the snow to the settlements on our homeward way. His memory is very dear to me.

The war-dance in time of war is a very serious affair; in time of peace, however, an opportunity to witness one should not be lost. The war-dance is most interesting to visit at night, for then the warriors are more in earnest, and the dance is more hearty. The place selected is usually one a little off from the beaten track, and a flat, hard section of ground.

It is lighted by large fires, one at each end, and by beacons of resinous wood, which are renewed during the greatest excitement of the dance. The warriors sit upon the ground wrapped in their blankets; at one end are the war-drums with their drummers. An incessant *tum, tum, tum, tum,* is kept up, increasing and diminishing, as the musicians endeavor to create excitement. Finally, when the full spirit of the dance begins to show itself, a warrior suddenly throws aside his blanket and springs into the centre of the dancing-place. He dances with the peculiar motions of the Indian, so indescribable, leaping first on one foot and then on the other, calling out with sudden short Indian yelps, until he is joined by another and another; finally the space is filled with dancing, yelping Indians. The last thump of the drum causes all the warriors to be seated. The music begins again, and now some warrior will spring into the arena with great excitement, and describe the battles of his fathers or tell of his own prowess as a warrior, of his duel with his enemy, and his final victory.

He acts out the revolting spectacle of cutting out his opponent's heart and opening it, drinking his life-blood, and ends with the act of scalping. Amid yells of applause he resumes his place, and in this manner the dance is continued until morning light sends the warriors to their homes. At these dances we find out what is the "Indian gift." The dancer lays at the feet of an Indian a stick, and tells him that this represents a pony, which will be given him on the morrow. Now, the value of a pony is a large, beaded tobacco-pouch and a handsome beaded otter-skin. So in a little while the man at whose feet the single stick has been laid begins his dance, and places at the feet of him who has been his donor two little sticks, signifying that on the morrow he will give him an otter-skin and a tobacco-pouch. An Indian gift is one which can never be refused.

Da-Dodge was the chief medicine-man, or Mus-ki-ki-ke-we-nin-ni. The Indian always regards him with the highest degree of reverence. He it is who used always to be consulted about the bodily ills, and all matters relating either to peace or war. The grand medicine-dance is one of the great events, and its initiation reminds one of masonic ceremonies. But it is a relic of the Dark Ages, and its influence wanes before the bright light of Christianity. Da-Dodge, the chief medicine-man of the Chippewas at White Earth, lived in a large medicine lodge not far from the agency and the hospital. He received his fees in tobacco and yards of calico, and enjoyed a very good practice. The medicine lodge where Da-Dodge presided was a large wigwam, some thirty feet long, and inside of this was a secret

tent, five or six feet long, and only four or five feet high. Here could often be heard the incantations of the medicine-rattle, and protruding from under the secret tent could be seen the nude legs of a patient undergoing the sweating process with steam from water and heated stones, of which the Indian is very fond, and in which he indulges upon the slightest pretext. The general manner of treatment amongst the Indians is by the use of the rattle, which the medicine-man holds in his hand, gazing intently at the patient while rattling it. The medicine-man uses many different kinds of roots and herbs, and is not a mean surgeon when his services are required.

The Rev. J. J. Emmengahbowh, once a wild Indian, received a good education from an Episcopal missionary, and became the beloved rector of the church of Saint Columba. His influence for good with the Chippewas was great in his faithful parish-work, and he was an eloquent expounder of the Christian religion. He was much valued by his people. He lived in a plain little house with his wife, as his children have departed to the "Happy Hunting-grounds."

Years ago, when the terrible massacre of Crow Wing was planned, and when Minnesota was terror-stricken by Indian uprisings, the faithful Emmengahbowh gave timely warning, at the risk of his own life, and saved multitudes from a terrible fate. For this noble action he was obliged to keep well-hidden from the vengeance of those who were afterwards his friends.

Indian converts are sincere believers, and perform their duties faithfully, travelling miles on foot

through deep snow or in stormy weather to be present at church services, and making faithful offerings of their money or beadwork with great punctuality.

One afternoon the tolling of the bell of Saint Columba's little chapel attracted my attention, and I strolled up the hill from the Hospital to attend a funeral. When I reached the churchyard I noticed a cart and oxen moving slowly in the direction of the chapel; the cart contained a pine-wood coffin, in which rested the body of a young Indian wife. The husband was driving the oxen. A few Indians were already in waiting within the building. Friendly hands helped the husband to remove the coffin from the wagon and carry it into the chapel. Emmengahbowh, faithful and beloved, with reverent and sympathetic face, conducted the service for the burial of the dead, reading it in the Chippewa language. The Indians sang a hymn, and the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" seemed to have increased beauty. At the close of the service, friends came forward once more to gaze upon the face of the dead before committing it to the grave. Then a strange scene followed: A hammer was handed to the husband, and in the sad silence the little building rang with his blows as he hammered the nails into the coffin of his beloved young wife. The casket was borne out into the churchyard, the grave was cut deep in the clean, dry sand, pine boughs covered the bottom of the grave, and great broad strips of birch-bark the sides. Slowly they lowered the coffin to its last resting-place, reverently they covered it with strips of bark, and carefully shovelled in the earth. The

voice of the fatherly clergyman concluded the ritual, impressive always in any tongue. The calm and quiet of this Western afternoon, and the voices of the Indians in the responses; the thought of their heroic disappearance, all tended deeply to influence the mind at this solemn moment.

It is customary with the Indians to cover the grave with a little house, and these graves are often placed immediately in front of the cabin-door. This, of course, is the modern method of burial. Many of these little houses are surmounted with a cross, an emblem of sacred faith and hope, where all earthly hopes seem dead.

In General Carrington's little book, "Some Phases of the Indian Question," he makes use of the following language: "I have freely talked with 'Spotted Tail,' 'Standing Elk,' and a score and more of chiefs who came to be fed and cared for; who sought peace, and sought it honestly, and with all the flashes of pride and dignity which now and then brighten their actions, there was ever present that painful consciousness of their impending doom; they were passing away. I have seen all ages and both sexes, half naked, and yet reckless of exposure, fording the Platte, while ice ran fast, and the mercury was below the zero mark, for the single purpose of gathering from a post slaughter-house to the last scoop, all offal, however nauseous, that they might use it in lieu of that precious game which our occupation was driving from its haunts. They, too, were passing away."

All this while agents and inferior officers were getting fat and rich from the stealings of money and food due to these brave creatures.

Mr. Welsh says of them: "In the wild rage of battle, in the torturing test of the sun-dance; in the hour of defeat and the howl of victory; in the spirited hunt and in the solemn council—awake, asleep, in tepee, or on the prairie, I have found them the same fate-defying, strong-willed, and peculiar race; obdurate, steady, and self-possessed in all their moods; yet passing away. The power of the United States was never so great as now, and power is a measure of responsibility."

Let us arouse to a sense of duty at this late date, and make one real and genuine effort to undo some of the wrongs of the past, and see to it that the Indians as they fold their tents, and depart from the last vestige of their ancestors' lands for "happier hunting-grounds," the poor children, be permitted to go in peace.

"In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home wind,
To the northwest wind Kee-wah-din,
To the islands of the blessed,
To the kingdom of Po-nee-mah,
To the land of the hereafter."

Letter of the poet Longfellow to Dr. Parker upon receiving a photo of Mee-chee-kee-gee-shig, a Chippewa Chief.

Cambridge, June 5,
1880.

My Dear Sir;

The photograph of the Indian Chief, was duly received, and I cannot think I neglected to acknowledge it and to thank you for it. My letter must have miscarried, as I am generally very punctual in such matters. But it was so long ago, I cannot feel quite certain.

MEE-SHEE-KEE-GEE-SHIG.
Dark lowering day, clouds touching all around.
Chippewa War Chief and Dr. Parker's friend and companion in the hunt and in danger.

Permit me to thank you now for this very striking portrait. How grave, and calm and patient in face and attitude! It is excellent.

Should you ever again see the Chief, be kind enough to thank him cordially for me.

I am, my Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

Henry W. Longfellow.

AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS.

With the map of the North American Continent before you, and placing your finger on the most central point, it will be very near the White Earth Reservation, in the heart of the Chippewa country, not far from Holy Cross Lake, now known as Itasca Lake, the reputed source of the great "Father of Waters."

The agency buildings are prettily situated near a clear lake, and consist of a Government building, boarding and day schools, headquarters of the agent, police office, post-office, storehouses, a few small stores, Government employes' houses, Indian cabins, etc. This is the centre of the Reservation, but the main population are scattered over a large extent of territory, each family living on their own farm, according to the number of acres allotted to them by the Government.

The schools of the Reservation are well managed and well patronized. They are two in number, the boarding and the day school. The boarding scholars' room in the building, but they attend school with the day scholars.

It is a great satisfaction to visit the schools and to listen to the recitations and to note how favorably they compare with Eastern schools for children of the same ages. Sunday-school is held in the day school every Sunday, and nothing is left undone,

so far as means will allow, to improve the mind and body of the Indian children. Although the Indian adult rarely can or rarely will speak English, yet now there are growing up all around them children from ten to fifteen years of age who not only understand but can both speak and write very well indeed in the white man's language.

Three times a week the mail arrives and departs from the White Earth Post-office. Not only do the white members of the community appreciate the privileges of the Post-office Department, but the Indians also avail themselves of its advantages.

For the maintenance of good order on the Reservation the Government organized an admirable police force, composed of full-blood and half-breed Indians. The men were a fine looking lot, and would be a credit to the police force of any land. The police go about entirely unarmed, but are always in their neat-fitting gray uniform with "U. S. Police" on their buttons and on their cap. It is possible to arm them properly should occasion require.

Very few in the Eastern States seem to realize how low the mercury falls in winter in the northern regions of Minnesota. For weeks the mercury thermometer will be useless, being quite frozen! Temperature from 40 to 45 degrees below zero. One or two cold nights in the winter of 1879 and 1880 the Government spirit thermometer registered 57 degrees below zero. However in the world the Indians in wigwams can endure the temperature has remained a mystery. From this bitter cold of winter the mercury runs up in summer to 112 degrees in the very hottest weather of noonday, but the nights are almost always cool and refreshing, and in spite of

these extremes the climate is delightful, and very sudden changes are rare, the rise from winter cold to summer heat being very gradual. The spring is very short and the autumn wonderfully fine, although lacking the beauty of the Eastern foliage.

Upon the Reservation there were two stores permitted by the Government and under careful supervision and inspection. These were long, low buildings, very similar in appearance and in contents to the average country store. Here the Indian obtained his groceries, clothing, tobacco and the little luxuries which he found necessary for himself and family. When out of money he obtained "credit" by orders on the yearly allowance or by promises to pay from the wheat and vegetables which he might raise in the future, or by pawning his valuable bead ornaments or furs. Pay day comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer for the Indian. Then the clans are assembled by their chiefs and "mustered for pay." One by one their names are called, and they present themselves in their best attire and receive the annual head money—$8 each—for themselves, their wives and children. They also receive presents of clothing, blankets, tinware, cutlery, etc.

The Indian regards the medicine man, "Mus-ki-kee-wi-ni-nee," with the highest degree of reverence. He it is who used always be consulted and obeyed in all important matters relating either to war or peace; besides exercising his important functions as the healer of wounds and the curer of disease. The grand medicine dance is one of the greatest events of the year, and its initiation reminds one forcibly of Masonic ceremonies, but it is a heathen

relic and its influence wanes before the bright light of Christianity. Da-Dodge was the "chief medicine man" of the Chippewas at White Earth, and lived in a large medicine lodge not far from the Agency and the hospital. He received his fees in tobacco and yards of calico, and enjoyed a very good practice.

The medicine lodge where Da-Dodge presided was a large wigwam of birch bark some thirty feet long, and inside of this was the secret tent, five or six feet long and only four or five feet high. Here could be heard the incantations and the medicine "rattle," and protruding from under the secret tent might be seen, the nude legs of a patient undergoing the sweating process with steam from water and heated stones. The blanket was quite commonly worn, and the feather and the paint were seen occasionally on the Reservation, but the white man's clothing has superseded the picturesque Indian dress, although all save a few young women retained the moccasin. Even the rector of St. Columba wore his moccasins in the chancel! Many of the baptized Indians have cut their hair quite short like white men, but the braid is mostly in style. The younger portion of the community take pride in adopting the clothing of the pale face. For the use of the Indians the Government furnishes cabins built of hewn logs with good floors and windows and doors. These, of course, are greatly in demand in winter weather, but almost all still cling to the comforts of the wigwam in the warm summer months. The wigwam of the Chippewa is built of birch bark upon strong wooden frames, about eight feet high and twenty to thirty feet or more in cir-

cumference. Platforms for the sleeping mats, two or three feet high, circle the tent, a broad space in the centre being left for the ever burning fire. An aperture in the roof permits the escape of smoke and secures good ventilation. The reed mats used for carpets are often very beautiful specimens of work, and would secure large prices in New York or Boston. The door is usually of blanket, and is guarded by a herd of worthless, ravenous dogs. The Indians finds the wigwam very comfortable even in the coldest winter nights with the temperature 50 degrees below zero! The Indian warrior was well trained, not only in the use of his weapons but in the valuable lessons of strategy. He studied intelligently the signs which exists about him, in the trampled grass and earth, the broken twig, the size and number of the fires, or in their remains, etc. He learns to conquer himself, to be patient under suffering, fearless in battle, indifferent to death—captured and awaiting a death of torture, to look his enemies calmly in the face. In these bloody wars, waged with ever varying fortune, could be found examples of the highest heroism and unselfishness, deeds of daring, unsurpassed by the most gallant records in history. It is undeniably true that the Indian possesses many admirable traits; he is naturally manly and bold, a devoted lover of freedom and independence, an unequalled hunter, a fearless warrior, an eloquent orator, a loving father, a sincere and consistent believer in "The Great Spirit" Gitche-Manito. His life was free from cursing and blasphemy, neither does his language afford an opportunity for the expression of oaths. His figure was usually tall and command-

ing, and his bearing naturally proud; he has roamed through vast tracts of country all his own unchallenged.

Rev. J. J. Emmengahbowh, once a wild Indian, received a good education from the missionaries, and became the beloved rector of the Church of St. Columba. His influence for good with the Chippewas was very great. In his faithful parish work and as an eloquent expounder of the Christian religion, his services were much valued by his people. He lived in a plain little house with his wife and children, patiently working and waiting, thinking only of his people's welfare, and firmly trusting and believing in his church. He was truly a remarkable man, and it was owing to his efforts and those of the beloved Chief, Fair Day, Mi-no-ge-shig, that by visiting many of the churches in the Eastern States and making addresses the Church of St. Columba, costing $12,000, was built. Years ago, when the terrible massacre of Crow-Wing was planned, and when Minnesota was terror-stricken by Indian uprising, the faithful Emmengahbowh gave timely warning, at the risk of his own life, and saved many from a terrible fate. For this noble action he was obliged to keep well hidden from the vengeance of those, who to-day warmly applaud his unselfishness. The Indian convert is a sincere believer and performs his duties faithfully, travelling miles on foot through deep snow in stormy weather to be present at church services, and making an offering either of money or beadwork with great punctuality. Good Emmengahbowh and our friend Me-no-gee-shig, have gone to rest, the memory of their faithful friendship will remain with us always. Requiescant in Pace. Amen.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE COLD NORTHWEST.

The following letter gives a very good idea of the discomforts in cold regions as witnessed by a mother. The writer of it shared with me the dangers and sufferings of that cold and cruel winter of 1879-'80. It was the real courage and skill and patience united with an excellent constitution, to say nothing of an unequalled disposition, which saved the lives of husband and child and more than one grateful Indian as well, and won for her the undying love and devotion of her Chippewa friends, who gave her the simple name of "The Indian's true friend." With help, with comforts, with advice, and sympathy, in all of which a bright pure Christian flame was ever burning, she taught these Indians and the palefaces, what womankind can be, and left behind her a record which from that day to this, now nearly 33 years, these Indians love to talk about and bless her for.

"During the winter of 1879-'80 we experienced true Arctic weather—the 'Sundogs' were frequent and very distinct. In November the cold set in with snow for the season. When first informed that the thermometer registered zero I could not believe it. I wore a summer gown (over heavy flannels, of course) in the house. The sun was bright and the

atmosphere was intensely clear. At Thanksgiving time it was very wintry. The highest mark of the thermometer. (Fahrenheit) during the month of December was 16 degrees F., and this in the middle of the day. The day before Christmas the government spirit thermometer registered −40 degrees F. All day long the ice remained under and near the stove in the kitchen, where we kept up the fire constantly. Attempting to make a simple cake, the butter would harden so that I could not beat it if I took it off the stove. Meats were frozen as hard as a rock, but we were grateful to get them, for they were brought by the mail wagon a long distance two or three times a week.

"Our 'menu' was most simple and restricted, consisting mostly of dry groceries like cereals and canned goods—not at all like the variety reported by Nansen on the 'Fram!' A cow was our mainstay. It was her milk which kept our child alive—when his appetite gave out. He tired of the miserable lack of variety in our food. Everything would freeze—if possible. One morning we could not get breakfast till about ten o'clock, it took so long to get things started. Even the bread in an inside closet was frozen, although wrapped and in a tin box. It cut like a slice of ice cream. It was a fight for existence in such a region of ice. In each room we had to shut ourselves in and feed sheet iron stoves with the scraggly oak sticks—all night long as well as by day—it was unsafe to let the fire go down even in our bedroom.

"We could wear any amount of clothing, mostly woolen—my child of four years could only exercise by my getting out with him for a few moments to

keep him in perpetual motion. He was warmly wrapped from head to foot with fur wrapper, cap with lappets—all of otter skin, the present of an Indian chief—completely covering his head. His face was only slightly exposed. Even then often the purple spots would appear on his cheeks and nose. Often I would play games with him to bribe him to eat. We have experienced severe cold in other places even the bitter 'Northers' of the Texan 'panhandle' but nothing ever like this of 1879-'80! Some days, especially in January, were beautiful. Zero weather and even ten below was fine, dry, clear and cold, with a brilliant sun.

"Our leaving White Earth was on a bitter winter day, but so still, crisp and sunny one could not believe the thermometer stood —28 degrees F. It was important to keep our child awake while we were driving nearly twenty-five miles over the rolling country. It was growing colder and colder as we drove in an open sleigh to the railroad settlements."

Dr. Parker in hunting suit of Indian tanned deer skin made for him by the Chippewa Indians, 1879-80.

THE LOVE OF A PEOPLE.

Won by a Cup of Water in His Name.

It was one of those hot September mornings at a far away Indian Reservation hospital. The surgeon and his fair young wife were chatting with the matron in the dining room. The windows were all open. The landscape was fair to see; forest and lake and rolling prairie land, such as one will find near the sources of the "Father of Waters." As we gazed out upon the restful scenery, a tired-looking squaw approached with a huge bundle on her back, and laboriously plodded her way to a window, hesitatingly cried out, "Punge nibbee," which means in the paleface tongue, "Please give me a little water." She looked like a burden carrier with her heated, tired face, across the forehead of which was the band which held her pack.

The matron, a woman of "executive ability," pointed towards the lake. "There you will find water in plenty," she said, with a cold, indifferent, almost contemptuous tone.

The Indian woman turned with a lowering look, and started on again.

All this took place in an instant. We stood as it were in a trance of surprise which was quickly broken by the surgeon's wife, who rushed to the

window, and called eagerly to the Indian. The squaw turned doubtfully, half fearing another insult, but was reassured by the gentle voice. She stopped and looked up in wonder and with pleasure at the sweet, fair face and golden hair. It seemed to her a vision of loveliness such as she had never before seen!

Now the poor woman approaches and kind hands help relieve her of her pack, and bring her into the dining room. Food, milk, and plenty of water, are placed before her, and the interpreter assures her of welcome to-day or any day—food whenever hungry, rest whenever weary—and "Tell her," said the gentle hostess, "that *this* hospital was built *for* the Indians by kind-hearted palefaces far away—some now in the spirit land. Here Indians are ever welcome. Come again and see me."

If ever gratitude took the place of hate on human face here was an instance. Regretfully the poor traveler at last resumed her toilsome way.

"Well," said the matron, "you may think that is good policy, but *I* will tell you it *don't* work among Indians. See if the hospital is not overrun this very afternoon with all the old beats on the Reservation."

Sure enough, when afternoon was on the wane the hospital yard was simply full of Indians—blanketed, painted men, boys, and squaws.

It did seem as if the matron's fears were about to be realized. The surgeon and interpreter went out on the hospital steps and asked them what they wished. If the Indians wished to come in, it would perhaps be best for a dozen or so to come in

at a time, and then they could in this manner go over the hospital.

"No!" they did not wish to come in.

"What do they wish—food, water, tobacco?"

"No"—not even that! They had come to see the Indians' "friend," the wife of the Paleface medicine-man, and that was the real object of their visit.

With her child in her arms, their "friend" came forth to renew her words of gentle kindness and sincerity. No man who could witness such a scene of genuine love, could ever forget it. The Indians pressed about to touch the hands and look in the gentle face and to discern with their wonderfully acute powers of character reading the true, deep interest in their welfare which was so apparent.

And so began the love and devotion which many years have seasoned and preserved, and this is how a cup of water won the love of a people!

BRAVEHEART'S BAPTISM.

Braveheart, an Indian chief, stood before a picture of Correggio's "Ecce Homo" at the "Black-coats'" lodge. He was evidently interested and puzzled in this curious appearance of a mild and friendly Man who wore such a strange "head dress" which seemed to be only a crown of thorns! So he asked one of his friends, the missionaries, to explain to him the mystery.

More than once Braveheart returned to ask to have the story of the Man of Sorrows related to him—the story of the great Passion—the story of Him who died to save others.

That old, old story of the love of God for sinful man made a deep impression on the red man's heart, and he became the Black-coats' friend—and made frequent visits to the mission to learn the great message.

But, after a while, the visits of Braveheart ceased, and he was missed. When one of the Black-coats returned from a long journey, he reported that Braveheart was gone to the "happy hunting grounds," and would never visit the mission again.

He had called his friends about him from time to time during his sickness in his wigwam, and told them the story of the picture of the "Friend of all men," and how if the Great Spirit spared his life

a while longer, he would ask for the Black-coats' ceremony—Baptism—but as his strength failed and death approached to overcome the brave, old chieftain, he gave the family his last instructions

"When I am dead," said Braveheart, "place upon my breast in the grave the totem of the Black-coats, the Cross of the Friend of all men, and above my grave set up a large Cross that it may be seen from afar, and when anyone asks why is that great Cross erected there, say to them that Braveheart, who believed in the white man's Saviour, is resting in peace* beneath it, hoping for a better life—trusting to the love of the Father of Life."

And thus it was that Braveheart died, and was buried with Christian symbols within and without his lonely grave.

We were speaking of all these things one afternoon in the smoking section of a Pullman car speeding over the great prairies where so short a time ago the Indians roamed at will, and someone said: "What a pity that good Indian had never been baptized."

One of our party was a quiet unassuming Catholic priest, sitting with us and enjoying his smoke. He had been a listener to the story. The good priest looked up at this last remark, and, gently placing his hand upon the knee of the narrator, said: "My son, Braveheart was baptized."

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*Even among the non-Christian Indians, the term "go in peace" (rest in peace) is common, as is also the term "Father of all, Father of life"—meaning "the Great White Spirit whom we call God."

"Did you know him, Father?" we asked the good priest.

"No, my son, but I will explain to you. The Church recognizes three forms of Baptism, the regular and well-known rite with water, and the Baptism of blood of the martyrs, who gave their lives in defence of the Faith, and a third form, the Baptism of Desire. Many a soul struggling, groping in the darkness of unbelief or un-Christian surroundings, stretches forth his hands, longing for a Saviour, whose name he does not know. God sees it all, and the Holy Spirit baptizes that soul for the inheritance of everlasting salvation."

As the dear, old priest ceased speaking, the sun was setting and we all sat in silence for awhile. That was a most fitting explanation of Braveheart's Baptism.

LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

In the cold month of January, 1868, I received an invitation from an officer friend, Lieutenant ————, to visit him at the frontier station, Fort Cedar Point, Colo. The message was brought to Denver by a non-commissioned officer, who, with two or three soldiers, would return to the fort in a few hours. The necessary preparations were quickly made, and we were soon en route southward. We traveled in a western wagon drawn by two mules.

The first night we expected to sleep under cover of some house, and the next night we must find our camp on the ground in the open prairie. We started in cold weather, and when we reached our camping place a dreary snowstorm had commenced. We formed camp as rapidly as possible, building a huge fire, and by good luck finding an old wagon-box, we propped that up against the wind. Our simple meal finished we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and were soon fast asleep. The snow covered us pretty well before morning, but we awoke refreshed and hungry, and without having suffered from the cold. The storm had ceased, and we started forth to complete our journey. What tonic can equal the glorious, invigorating atmosphere of Colorado?

Toward evening the rough outbuildings and tents of the fort came into view, and we were heartily welcomed at the "mess" by our friends. With the exception of a few "dug outs" or holes in the ground, the command was quartered in canvas houses—tents spread over a light wooden framework. These houses had one door, with a window in it to give light; of course they were very cold, but well ventilated, and with plenty of fur rugs and wraps, and the little stove well filled, one could make himself quite comfortable. Under canvas in Colorado in Summer is delightful, but in January and February there are some drawbacks. Twelve miles away from the post was a mail station, where twice in the week we could get "home letters." That little, rough mail station seemed a very important place to us—"the connecting link." We regarded it with great interest, as one would delight in an oasis on the desert!

Life at a frontier post is not very exciting, and after a while it becomes monotonous, but every little incident is made as much of as possible, and all endeavor to contribute to the general well-being of the garrison. The menu of the officers' mess had been quite simple, but sometime before my arrival a party of emigrants passed by the post with a lame cow, which they offered for sale, and this valuable creature became the prize and the pride of the officers' mess. At considerable expense a bag of Indian meal had been procured from the settlement, and when I reached Fort C. the mess was luxuriating in mush and milk for supper every evening. How delicious it tasted; hot and wholesome, a feast for the gods it seemed to us who were

used to hardtack and army bacon, with coffee without cream, as we called our morning drink. Indeed, we seldom had condensed milk for it, but now here was a real, live, milch cow, and good, pure milk, better than most can get from your milkman in the midst of civilization nowadays. You can imagine what a treat this was for us. Sometimes we enjoyed a roast of antelope, but it was not so easy to shoot these pretty creatures as one might think; even forty-five years ago they gave the hunter plenty of hard work.

We started out, my friend and I, one afternoon to try for some antelope meat for the mess. By hard work and careful hunting we each had a shot at some beautiful creatures. My friend's shot proved better than mine, and while he started off after his wounded antelope I sought for another chance. The antelope escaped, and when I turned to join my companion I could not find him. I started in what I thought was the direction of the post, but began to lose my bearings, and at last came to the conclusion that I was, indeed, lost on the plains. Night was coming on rapidly. I tried to find some familiar landmark from the highest ground I could reach, but all was strange and bewildering, and the sense of being lost and in danger came over me. I dared not wander further lest I should increase the distance between myself and friend.

I examined my carbine and counted my cartridges. I had seven shots left, none too many for one in my position. The Indians roamed up and down through this section all Winter, and although they were theoretically at peace, my chances for fair treatment were very slim indeed. I should

probably have been murdered for the sake of my carbine and clothing if not for my poor scalp. All these thoughts intruded themselves, besides visions of wild beasts. Then I began to feel cold and hungry, and to my dismay I discovered that I had not one solitary match left.

The loneliness and the darkness increased. I began to search for some hiding place to shelter me until morning, and I ventured to run towards a little hollow. I was feeling very lonely, and I tried not to remember the stories of men lost on the plains, but they would come up before my mind. I felt certain that my only safety was to be very self-possessed and brave. I might be quite near the post, and when Lieut. Q. returned he would surely send out searching parties. Oh, if I only had a match I would build a fire to guide them; it was getting so dark I feared they could not find me. I debated whether or not I should part with one of my precious shots, and I decided that I would climb to the top of the little rise of ground and fire my evening gun. I could not get material together sufficiently dry to fire with the shot from my carbine.

Slowly I climbed the little hill, and praying God to send me relief, I fired my carbine in the air. Like an answer from heaven came a low boom from the distance. I must have imagined it, I thought, it is the mocking echo of my carbine; but it did sound like a cannon. Boom came the gladdening sound again, and straining my eyes over the horizen I saw—oh, what a joyful sight to me—a bright light, a fire. How can it be in that direction, just the opposite from what I believed the post to be in.

Boom came the gun again, and with a happy, thankful heart I ran fast enough to rival an antelope toward the light, the "Star of hope" to me. In a short time I saw figures approaching; they were soldiers searching for me, sent by our kind commanding officer. I was saved.

It was hard to keep back the tears of joy and gratitude, but it was dark, and I pretended to take matters very coolly. I feared, too, that I might be well blamed for the trouble I had given, and the story of the lost boy came to my mind. On reaching the post, however, I found all glad to see me safely back again and the delicious mush and milk was waiting, to which I did full justice with a grateful heart.

So much for antelope hunting. A much safer sport was poisoning wolves which we accomplished in the following manner: The great "loafer wolves," or "gray wolves" as they are more commonly known, roamed about the post every night. They were not only annoying by their howling, but they were most accomplished thieves. Their hides were then worth $1 skinned or 75 cents on the dead animal. The wolves roamed generally near the corral. We planted a post in the ground, and high up out of reach of the wolves we tied a large and tempting bone, on which we left considerable meat. Pieces of meat from three to four inches long we cut nearly in half, and in the slit thus fashioned we placed a good quantity of strychnine. We scattered many of these pieces on the ground not far from the post from which the bone was hanging. We made these preparations at sundown.

During the night the wolves would come, and finding the poisoned meat devour it greedily until it was all gone. Then scenting the meat and bone on the post, they would sit down and deliberate how that was to be obtained. They were too hungry to leave such a tempting morsel, and it was hard for them to believe that it could not be gotten by patience. While waiting the poison would begin to operate, and with a howl the wolves would start off in pain, only to run a short distance before they fell dead. In the morning we would find their bodies, frozen stiff, not many yards from the post. If we did not use this method of retaining them until the poison acted upon them fatally they might run off a mile or more before death, and give us some trouble in hunting up their bodies. The sport proved quite profitable, although strychnine was very expensive at that time at Fort C.

One day our mail-rider, who went once a week to the stage station, 12 miles away, was taken sick, and I volunteered to go in his place, and received the commanding officer's permission. I started out with my mail-bag in the morning, mounted on an excellent mule, and reached the station in time for dinner. After getting the return mail I rode off for the post again. It was a clear, mild afternoon in February, and my mule started off briskly for home. We had made more than half the distance when, upon riding down into a little hollow, my mule suddenly stopped and appeared to be in terror. I urged her forward, but she would not move. All at once it occurred to me that mules have a dread of Indians, and can smell them for some distance. This, then, must be the cause of my mule's

alarm. There were Indians in ambush ahead, and being in ambush, they meant me no good.

I hastily unslung and brought my carbine to a ready, and urged my frightened mule back to the rising ground. In less time than it takes to write this I heard a noise in the bushes and out sprang, not some painted warriors, as my frightened senses supposed would appear, but some antelopes, which bounded away and were soon out of range before I could recover from my fright. They had evidently been caught napping, something that rarely happens to an antelope. My mule recognized them as soon as I did and looked rather ashamed, for frightening me in that rough way. But I was glad to forgive her, and happier still to reach the fort safely at last, where I gave up my precious mail-bag to cheer the hearts of the garrison with news of loved ones far away.

My visit, like all other pleasures, had an end, and I parted from my kind friends with great regret. Civilization has advanced so rapidly that probably no vestige of the old frontier fortified camp remains to-day. The garrison has been scattered in every direction, and it is hardly possible that these lines will ever reach the eyes of any of those who contributed so much of kindness and hospitality to the writer. It will be a long time indeed before I forget my adventures in old Colorado!

ON THE ARKANSAW IN '67.

Guard mount was over, this lovely spring morning, at old Fort Lyon, and upon the broad verandas of the officer's quarters, along the line overlooking the parade ground, were gathered some of the ladies and officers of the post, discussing the startling news which had just been received concerning the Indians.

While at the garrison all seemed peaceful and secure, it was reported that along the Arkansaw, and more particularly at the ford near Bent's Fort, the hostile Indians were attacking every wagon train that attempted to make a crossing.

To check their lawless interference and to protect emigrants from these Indian attacks, the commanding officer of Fort Lyon had been directed to detail an officer and ten men to hold the ford, and young Bradstreet, a recent arrival from West Point, had been selected for this hazardous and important undertaking.

The Adjutant had given the officer his first orders for field service, and with a few hurried partings to friends and comrades he turned his steps toward his own quarters to prepare for his departure. As he donned his scouting uniform and made his preparations, an old friend, his First Lieutenant, Dick Trumbull, entered the room. "Bradstreet," he

said, "its hard luck for you to have such a detail. I offered to go, but Capt. Walker had determined to send you, and so there is no help for it."

The written order lying on his table stated the facts plainly enough—"To proceed immediately by wagon, with Sergt. Mason and nine men of B Troop of the gallant old Third Cavalry, to a certain designated ford of the Arkansaw, there to intrench himself as best he might, and hold the Sante Fe trail open."

With ten men to hold open the trail and guard the ford in a war such as this, with all the Indian tribes united—it seemed a very thankless post for even an ambitious young soldier.

Hardly had Bradstreet made his hasty preparations, when the great army wagon drove up; it was loaded with rations, tents, arms and ammunition, and escorted by a dozen mounted troopers.

The "dismounted detail" got into the wagon and awaited the order to march.

A few final instructions from the Post Adjutant, and the command started off in the direction of the eastward trail.

Shortly after noon, the command made a halt, and then pushed on again in the direction of the ford.

It was long after dark before their destination was reached. The command halted and camped without tents or fire. Pickets were stationed, the horses were tied to the tongue and wheels of the wagon, and every precaution taken to avoid a surprise. The most dreaded time for Indian attack is in the early dawn; then the Indians, hoping to sur-

prise a sleeping command, steal noiselessly in the dim light to make a stampede.

At 3 o'clock next morning all were astir. Belcher, the officer in command of the escort, with Bradstreet, sought out a suitable position for the station.

After breakfast all hands were at work, throwing up a breastwork to surround the three tents to be occupied by the detail.

The situation was well chosen on a high bank of the Arkansaw overlooking the ford.

A commanding view of the country about could be had in almost every direction.

The vast rolling prairie stretched out like the ocean to the east, to the north, to the west, and over the river to the south.

By noon the station on the "Arkansaw" was completed. No flag-staff to be sure was there, but quite a fort nevertheless it was in appearance, with its quaker guns of wagon hubs frowning from embrasures. Its little garrison of eleven brave hearts would undoubtedly do its best to hold its own in case of emergency.

The escort was soon in saddle, and with the empty wagon they rode away, leaving the lonely detachment of the Fourth to its fate. Night settled down upon the plains, the sentries began their watch and the first day's duties were ended.

The Sergeant's voice, next morning, was their only reveille. In this lonely spot there would be nothing to break the monotony unless diversion supplied by the Indians.

Day after day the walls were added to or strengthened. Everything was done to suggest the appear-

ance of a garrison of some size. Twice a day the whole command, except one sentry, who marched about in plain sight, went down to the river with pails and canteens for water. They left their carbines in the fort, but concealed under their coats they carried their revolvers. This was a risky thing to do, but was kept up out of pure bravado.

On the third day a strong emigrant party passed the station, crossing the ford to the southward.

On the fourth they were enabled to send word to Fort Lyon, reporting all well, the pony express rider having made a short halt. He reported Indians all the way from Fort Hayes.

On the fifth day several parties of Indians were seen.

On the seventh, the numbers of the Indians had decidedly increased. In the afternoon of that day three or four Sioux approached within hailing distance, waving a white flag. Bradstreet boldly advanced to meet them. A half-breed came forward alone for a parley. He asked for provisions and tobacco, wanted to know how many soldiers were in the fort.

Bradstreet informed him that they had no provisions to give or sell, and that the garrison at the fort was sufficient to hold it against all comers. Finally a demand for the surrender of the arms was made, and meeting with an emphatic refusal, the half-breed, muttering threats as to what would be the fate of the soldiers, returned to his companions.

As Bradstreet entered the works, a bullet plowed into the earth, close to his side. Instantly, from every direction, the Indians seemed to rise from

the ground. Arrows and bullets were flying through the air, and although there were one or two narrow escapes, no member of the garrison was injured.

Dawn of the next day found the little command on the alert awaiting the threatened attack. From the east and north, warriors decked with war paint and feathers, ready for battle, were seen in large numbers. A hundred or more were preparing for an assault.

Shortly after eight o'clock the Indians employed tactics of an unusual nature.

They made a determined advance, forming in an oblong mass seven or eight deep. With whoops and war songs they came on steadily to within 150 yards of the fort. Bradstreet cautioned his men not to fire a shot until they could be sure of a good target. Suddenly the Indians, opening up their lines and spreading right and left, poured in a volley of arrows and bullets upon the little garrison. Corp. Welch and Private Andrews were instantly killed and one or two were wounded, but so rapid and deadly was the fire of the garrison that they were unable to reach the works and fled in disorder.

There was more or less firing throughout the day until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Indians once more advanced deployed as skirmishers in a semi-circle. War drums and whoops and yells made a hideous racket.

As they approached the fort the line drew closer together, until with one desperate effort they endeavored to scale the works. So vigorously did they carry on this charge that one Indian actually fell dead within the inclosure. A fierce hand-to-hand

fight took place and for a few moments it seemed as if the fate of the little garrison were sealed.

But this time their rout seemed to be complete. They were seen to carry off several of their dead and wounded.

Bradstreet and two of his men were badly wounded; the former had an ugly wound in the shoulder from a rifle bullet, and from pain and loss of blood was no longer able to stand upon his feet.

Just after sundown three shrill whistles were heard in the direction of the ford. Sergt. Mason hailed: "Who goes there?" "A friend, William Dixon, a Government scout; can I approach?" Three men with cocked carbines stood at the rear entrance; there was just light enough to see the man. The scout entered. A glance showed that he had been through hard service. He was taken to Bradstreet, who, propped against the wall, listened to what he had to say.

"I was on my way to the Cimmaron Crossing with dispatches for Fort Riley, when I met these Indians whom you have been fighting. They killed my horse, and I have an ugly scratch on my arm. My rifle is broken and abandoned, but I managed to escape from them, and have worked my way to your fort. I can at least add one to your number."

"You are more than welcome," said Bradstreet, "We are sorely pressed, and I fear cannot hold our ground much longer."

"Well, Lieutenant, my legs are in good order, and if you wish I'll try to get through to Lyon and bring you relief."

"Take what rest you must have, get something to eat and let me know when you are ready to start."

Bradstreet drew a notebook from his pocket, and wrote the following dispatch by the light of a candle carefully shielded.

"Carson's Ford, on the Arkansaw,
May 17, 1867.

To Col. Peters, Commanding Officer,
Fort Lyon, Colorado:

Sir;—We are surrounded by Indians. Two of my command are killed, and three wounded. Please send relief, with surgeon, as soon as possible. I send this by Government Scout Dixon.

Wm. Bradstreet,
Second Lieutenant Third Cavalry.
U. S. A."

"Dixon here is a dispatch for the Commanding Officer at Fort Lyon. Endeavor to get through with it as rapidly as possible. Secrete it in your clothing, and if captured make every effort to destroy this paper. Our only hope is that you may get through in safety. Good night and a safe journey to you!"

The scout placed the message between the folds of the collar of his hunting shirt and with a determined look on his honest face he waved a farewell to the little garrison and started for the river. The darkness and the silence of the night instantly enveloped him. He was gone on his desperate errand, and the fate of the garrison depended upon his success. No fire could be lighted, no match could be struck for even the smoke so dear to the soldiers' heart. In silence and anxiety they awaited the dawn of another day.

Suddenly the silence was broken by poor Whitman, who, in delirium from want of water and loss of blood, was heard singing:

"Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near,
Onward comes our Great Commander!
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!
Hold the fort——"

But the song died upon his lips, his head sank upon his manly chest, his battles were over. All the weary night the faithful little garrison got what rest they could, waiting for the dawn to put an end to their sufferings. Either relief must arrive or the Indians would close in upon them and end the struggle.

Bradstreet acted as best he could, going over the situation in his mind as to the chances of his brave scout's reaching Fort Lyon. Of course, it would take just so many hours for relief to reach them after news of their situation had been reported.

Day dawned and the expected attack did not take place. All was silence, and to all appearances the Indians had left them. Every man who could stand up volunteered to go for the needed water.

But Bradstreet, still clinging to the hope of relief, refused to risk one more of his gallant garrison. Too well he knew the cunning treachery of his foes. Fainting from the loss of blood and the pain of his wound, he could yet give to his men some words of hope and cheer. The carbines and pistols were carefully inspected, the ammunition counted and examined, and a grim determination settled on each and every man to do his duty to the last. Shortly

after noon Williams, shading his eyes and peering to the northeastward, has pointed out to Johnson a little cloud. "It may be a buffalo, more Indians, or it may be relief." But to the right, the hellish tum, tum, tum, of the war drum is sounding again. The Indians are advancing once more. Widely deployed as skirmishers, they cautiously avoid exposure. Once more is heard—the half-breed's taunting demands for surrender. Once more they are asked to "come out and throw up your arms," and now with a rush they come within range of the troopers.

The carbines of the garrison are aimed steadily and to good purpose.

Again the enemy seek shelter and extend their line further to the westward. Bradstreet, struggling to keep upon his knees, slowly falls to his side, dropping his carbine. The yells are renewed; and at the same time is heard the well-known cheer—out from behind the hill ride the bluecoated troopers of "the gallant Third." A few seconds of sharp firing, with scattering, baffled savages everywhere in retreat. Trumbull, at the head of his men, reaches the wall. Dismounting, he enters the little fort. In an instant he is at Bradstreet's side. He grasps his comrade's hand. He kneels at his side and calls into the almost unconscious ear: "Bradstreet, my boy, you are saved; do you hear me? You are saved." A grateful light shines upon the face of the commander. He cannot speak. Some of the garrison try to cheer. The tension is tremendous. It would seem as if they must fall. "Water!" cry the wounded, and willing hands assist the surgeon in his errand of mercy. Trumbull

is now in command, with Belcher to assist. The horses are securely picketed close to the westward wall. Strong guards are posted, and order soon reigns. With forty good troopers and Lieutenants Trumbull and Belcher to direct them, there is little fear of the Indians now. Good Dr. Warren has made the wounded as comfortable as possible. The dead have been reverently buried with a parting volley, and the trumpeter has sounded the last call.

Night closes the scene, and the garrison, after the anxiety and work of the day, enjoy a needed rest.

Next morning the wounded are carefully placed in the ambulance and the command begins its return march to Fort Lyon, Belcher and twenty troopers remaining behind.

There is no sign of Indians in any direction; they have departed for parts unknown.

Slowly the command covered the distance to the fort, escorted part way by the officers of the garrison, who had ridden out to meet them. The wounded men were taken to the hospital, and Bradstreet to his quarters, where in a few days he recovered sufficiently to walk about the post with his arm in a sling.

A few days more of convalescence, then he was restored to B troop for duty, and the fight at the fort on the Arkansaw became but a vision of the past.

ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN IN '76.

Dr. Porter, then acting assistant surgeon in the United States army, was left with Reno when Custer divided his troops of the gallant Seventh Cavalry. The detachment crossing the Little Big Horn took a strong position in a clump of woods; but such vast numbers of the savages loomed up in every direction that Reno decided to start for the river.

Dr. Porter was attending to a dying soldier, but he found that in an instant his orderly and supplies were gone. He was alone, with the command several hundred yards away. He still devoted himself to his patient, until the soldier's death left him free to consider himself and his own safety.

Leading his horse to the embankment beyond the woods, he was startled to find himself within close proximity to the Indians, who were in swift pursuit of Reno's command. So eager were they in the chase that they did not notice Porter, although passing within a few feet of him. Even had he been armed, he could not for a moment have held out against such odds, and the only hope remaining to him was to mount his splendid charger, which, mad with excitement, was rearing and plunging. He held to the rein with all his strength, making frantic efforts to gain his saddle. At last, with a desperate leap, he gained his horse's back.

Half-seated in the saddle, and clinging with all his might to save himself from falling, he sped along in a race of life and death. In an instant the savages espied him, and with a yell they sent after him a shower of bullets from rifle and revolver, which in some marvelous manner missed both horse and rider. On, on, he dashed, each moment bringing him nearer to safety. It was a long half mile! The surgeon had no control of his frantic horse, and he was running a gauntlet where the chances of death were a thousand to one.

He at last reached the river in safety, and in a few moments had forded the stream, scaled the bank, and was on the bluff, where Reno was entrenching himself.

About them in every direction the bluffs and the plains were black with Sioux. The Indians poured in a terrific fire upon the harassed troopers. The surgeon's services were instantly in urgent demand. Brave, cool, and devoted, he showed the true heroism of the medical man in peril.

For twenty-four hours this terrible ordeal continued. One in every three had been hit; there were fifty dead and fifty wounded. The brave but well-nigh exhausted surgeon continued to administer to the wants of his patients, who were crying in agony for water.

Through the afternoon of the 25th of June, 1876, all through the dreadful night following, throughout the day of the 26th and that night as well, and until the forenoon of the 27th, Porter discharged his duties as few men have been called upon to do.

A TROOPER OF THE GALLANT OLD 3rd CAVALRY WORSTED BY A HORSE.

The affair took place some time in the summer of 1867, when a command of the Third United States Cavalry was marching through the Indian country, or the great desert of what is now Kansas. We had a command of about three hundred and fifty officers and men. Besides more than a hundred wagons and ambulances, we started with nearly five hundred extra cavalry horses for supplying cavalry in New Mexico. The command left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in May, and reached Fort Union in New Mexico the middle or latter part of July. The year 1867 was a "lively" one on the great plains. All the Indian tribes were on the war-path and fighting in concert against the pale-faces. We marched as through an enemy's country, with caution and alertness, forming a protecting corral with wagons constantly, like the laagers of the Boers in war. We followed the old Santa Fe trail, and along the "Arkansaw" we had need of all the wisdom and skill our brave commanding officer, Major Whiting, possessed. The Indians were active and constantly threatening, and at the Cimmaron crossing our chances seemed at one time well calculated to cause anxiety.

In spite of the presence of our Indian foes, ever dogging our footsteps and watching for an opportunity for successful attack, many of the recruits deserted, carrying off horses and arms. Many of these recruits were regular adventurous horse thieves, who had enlisted at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and who expected opportunities to reach the frontier and steal horses and arms. Indeed, they had planned to rob the paymaster and to carry off his wagon and safe, which was supposed to contain many thousands of dollars. So frequent were the desertions, and so great was the loss of horses, that new mounts were constantly in demand, and that is how the splendid, great, iron-gray, cavalry horse was discovered. The first recruit who attempted to ride him got off in some manner unknown to cavalry regulations, and after several others had made an effort to stay on his back he was declared to be a bad horse, and was for a time left alone. Finally one of the non-commissioned officers, a strong, handsome cavalryman, asked permission of the commanding officer to ride the horse. It was granted with considerable hesitancy, and the whole command turned out to see what was pretty certain to be a life-and-death struggle between man and horse. The charger was a picture to look at; he was a powerful beast, iron-gray, with an eye like an eagle's, and with a carriage which made him fit for a prince, if any prince on earth could but ride him. The sergeant was as perfect a manly figure of courage, intelligence, and physical strength as the beast in his equine beauty. They eyed each other for an instant, when with a firm bound the soldier seated himself in the McClellan saddle. Then the battle

began in earnest, rider and horse exerting every skill imaginable to triumph. In spite of plunge and leap the soldier kept his splendid seat, proud master of the beast beneath him. The battle lasted several minutes and was a fierce encounter. Every man who looked on was proud of the manly prowess of the soldier. The horse was in a fury of despair, and finally with one mad dash he flung himself upon the ground and rolled over the body of his fallen rider. A cry of horror and distress rose from the spectators, and we rushed forward to bear the body of the unconscious horseman to the hospital tent. Not a bone was broken, but upon examination we found the soldier had sustained serious injuries. When the man was able to be about it was evident that his days of usefulness as a soldier were past, and he received a discharge.

The horse lost the fire in his eye, and was after the battle a cowed and subdued creature any recruit could ride.

It was a duel as complete and perfect as if it had been fought with swords; it was a wrestling match in which both contestants were hopelessly worsted.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN THE ARMY.

Fort Cummings, New Mexico, built of adobe "sun-burnt bricks" in 1866, and abandoned years ago, was a type of frontier stations or forts which have pretty nearly ceased to exist. Far to the southward of the dreary "Valley of Death," marking the continuation of Jornada del Muerto—"journey of death"—a speck in the great lonely desert, it nestled as if clinging for safety at the foot of Cook's Peak. Beyond Cummings in almost every direction stretched the great prairies, but to the southwestward, beyond the Sentinel Mountain—the mouth of the lonely Canon—showed the trail to Fort Bayard, another "doby fort." From the land of the Chippewas and the Sioux, to the fastnesses of the unconquerable Apaches, from the deadly Smoky Hill far over the Pacific slope, little forts garrisoned by one or two companies of soldiers guarded the cradle of western empire and shielded the emigrant from the cruel and warlike Indian.

From West Point were sent out to these dreary posts the very best specimens of manhood—eager for military glory, but soon homesick and disgusted with frontier life. The soldiers, although brave and competent in active service, fretted at their useless,

aimless existence, as it seemed to them, and thought little and cared less as to their own or their country's future if they could only "kill time." Visitors were not frequent. The regular call of the dashing pony express riders, the occasional visit of a cowboy or frontiersman, readily gave the excuse for extravagant celebrations. Amid such surroundings reading soon became monotonous, smoking too light a pastime, and drinking and gambling easily became favorites for most every one sooner or later. The West Point boy with his first pair of shoulder-straps gazed astonished at the sight of his superior officers—playing cards with bullets for chips, and frequent libations of wretched liquor called "whiskey" poured out to keep up his excitement. The evil effects of such a life were everywhere to be found—in cattle ranch and reservation, in company quarters, and in the officers' mess. Men whose home training taught them to abhor such associations became drunkards and gamblers in short order, and with the increasing dissipation self-respect was sadly shattered and the road to every vice was open.

The first stages of settlement in the great west were ever of this class. Drinking and gambling have been the avant-couriers of our American progress. Everywhere, whether north or south, the saloon is the first establishment. It takes a long time for churches and schools to get a start; a shelter tent or a prairie-schooner can be made use of for saloon purposes at once.

The whiskey is the foundation for the mischief; every undertaking begins with its employment; battle, murder, uprising, all are encouraged by its

devilish influence. Manhood is degraded, the body is prematurely aged, the mind is dazed, stupefied, diseased, and acute mania, delirium tremens, if not immediately victors in the struggle, witness the giving of the death-blow.

On the other hand it is surprising to find that many men, apparently whiskey-soaked, succeed in reformation more or less permanent.

It does not require any extraordinary experience to bear witness to the battles and rows at frontier posts ending in suicides and even homicides. One terrible murder directly traceable to whiskey came under my observation; and I have known more than one officer who has manfully struggled to evercome the temptation to drink. One splendid fellow wrote me a letter imploring me to help him to win in his battle against whiskey, until now the very name of the poison is so distasteful to me and brings to mind such scenes of sadness and horror that I would do anything to prevent its use everywhere, as well as amongst the brave soldiers of our army, regular or volunteer. It is the associations, it is the *conditions* of life which lead men into temptation and drag them unwillingly to ruin. It has been said that: "Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave off reasoning on things above reason." There are those who dismiss the subject of the liquor curse as one unfathomable. These men are not enemies of temperance, but confess they are unable to form an opinion as to the best methods for overcoming the injurious effects of alcohol. There are those, carried away by the greatness of the subject, who become overenthused and are condemned as "cranks." Call no man a

crank who is honestly at work in the redemption of mankind. This very day I have read that intemperance is certainly diminishing in our land, and that the *cheapness of beer* is to be credited with some of this result! Undoubtedly the Germans who drink beer—but very different in quality from that which is provided in this country—*are* spared temptations for whiskey, brandy, etc. That temperance in the army is increasing, and that less whiskey and more mild beer is called for, there can be no doubt.

The old-time sutler has disappeared. He was ever on the alert on pay-days, eagerly scooping in the soldier's pay for the wretched supplies he had afforded him.

The government after a while recognized that the whiskey dealer was a curse to the army, and war was declared upon him, resulting in a series of battles lasting for years. Inch by inch he has been driven backward, until to-day his power is limited, and his glory well-nigh departed. The soldier is able to look his old enemy in the face and to withstand temptation more readily, and to rejoice in the manhood of victory over the allurements to drink. With drunkenness unpopular the physical well-being of the soldier can be maintained, and his respectability cultivated. Drink catered to all that was low and vile, and looked with jealous, hateful eye at all true manliness and self-respect. It has ceased to be respectable or soldierly to be found half tipsy. There are some of the old-timers in our army who still cling to the bottle. They were made of such manly, courageous stuff that even whiskey could not kill them, but that it has pre-

maturely aged some of them there can be no doubt. The bravest men I have met, either in the army or navy, were not those who swore the loudest or who boasted that they could drink as much as the next, although I must confess I still know of men who drink and gamble and are undoubtedly good, true men and valuable officers notwithstanding! Their strong personalities could stand the damage which would be fatal to many. They do not realize that their very manhood gives encouragement to others to drink who are not as able as they to overcome the poison, and react against the damaging influences. Misguided methods of men preaching temperence, but lacking in manhood and good sense, have disgusted men of mettle and courage, and a cause for the betterment of mankind has suffered through such unworthy apostles. Army men are by habit called upon to depend more or less on alcohol in some form, and in choosing between two evils the lesser is certainly to be recommended. War is not a Sunday-school picnic, and in the stress of battle stimulants are depended upon by many.

Sensible and worthy teachers must demonstrate by precept and example that liquor must be used sparingly, if at all. Excess is the cemetery of all enjoyment. On the other hand, who would have withheld a flask of pure brandy to the weary and exhausted soldiers in the trenches before Santiago? Hard and fast rules are easy to write, but difficult to enforce, and total abstinence for an army is and ever has been and always will be an utter impossibility. The responsibilities of the commanding officer are very great, whether in a lonely station or in a city barracks, or in the active field of war.

To guard a soldier from those who would do him harm, and from his own desires and appetites which might impair body and mind, requires great wisdom and prudence. The commander-in-chief of the United States army should have *larger influence,* and less chance for discouragement by meddling outsiders. Gen. Miles is not only a brave and competent officer, but is a gentleman honestly interested in the real welfare of all his army, officers and enlisted men as well. The remedy is in substituting something which is harmless for that which is harmful.

Instead of the drinking saloon, the properly organized canteen; instead of gambling, entertainments which amuse and interest; instead of whiskey, beer or coffee or cocoa, in a pleasant, orderly room. Do not force the soldier to take Christian teaching as a dose; lead him if you will, but do not attempt to drag. Do not after Santiago's campaign ever ask an American soldier to give up his pipe and tobacco. Those of us who have served on the plains will testify that we can go without food, and even warmth and shelter, but we must have our tobacco; and whoever classes smoking with drinking can hope for few converts among veteran soldiers.

It has been said that smoking easily leads to other vices, but in my experience I have found that it leads away from vice. While whiskey excites and is apt to bring out the evil in men's minds and conduct, and may encourage careless speech, the pipe is soothing, quieting, comforting and companionable. The heart weighed down with loneliness and hopelessness turns gladly to the pipe and gets refreshment, which the drinker can never find in spirituous

liquors. The Italian, the Frenchman and the German drink their light wines or beer, sitting down at table, and taking food at the same time. It is used in moderation and as a food for man, woman, and child. The American gets his liquor in a place which is the resort of the drunkard and the tough. He makes no long tarrying, but gulping down his dose sometimes repeats it until he fancies he can endure no more, and then, half-reeling, issues forth to a fate which may in a moment forever cloud his usefulness or his happiness, or both.

"SHONG—SASHA."

The Indians Smoking Tobacco.

No matter what adversity of chase or war might overtake the Indian, he sought refuge, cheer and hope in the cloud of promise of his smoking. The use of the pipe was for the Indian something more than a mere pleasure; it had its hygienic value as well. No doubt smoking originated with the Indian instinctively and was to him as a protecting disinfectant against the germs of contagious diseases. It helped to preserve his superb teeth and to disinfect his breath. It soothed the pain of wounds and made him oblivious to the knawing of hunger. It helped him to control his emotions and gave him the ability for silence and thoughtfulness.

Wrapped in his blanket at councils of peace or war, he smoked slowly and weighed carefully questions of vital importance for the tribe or nation. Great was the tempest of his fury if the war path were decided upon, when with a bound he cast aside his blanket, dashed the pipe upon the ground and wielded the tomahawk, totem of war and of bloodshed.

In the story which Balch has written so well of Indian life in the "Bridge of the Gods" he describes a council in which the peace pipe plays an important part. This scene is supposed to rep-

resent Indian life two centuries ago, but it is equally true of the ceremonies of to-day just as we would find it among Sioux or Ojibway, Apaches or Cheyenne.

The Indians are assembled upon a grassy plain and ready for the council, when the head chief, Multnomah, orders: "Let the peace pipe be lighted." Tohomish, the most renowned medicine man present, comes forward and lights the decorated pipe, muttering some mystical incantation. He waves it to "the east and the west, to the north and the south, and when the charm seems complete, hands it with ceremony to the emperor chief, Multnomah."

From chief to chief it circles around the whole council, till, like a benediction, Multnomah declares, "The pipe is smoked—Are not our hearts as one?"

Parkman in his interesting story of "The Oregon Trail" (p. 302) states that "the Indian has with him always when possible his stone pipe and a bag of "Shong-sasha."

Longfellow, in his famous poem of Hiawatha, has related the story of the peace pipe and the "red pipe stone quarry of the Dakotas."

The pipe of red stone is the most delicious means of burning "Shong-sasha" it has ever been my privilege to use. No Turkish pipe or German meerschaum, American corncob or French briar can equal the cool, sweet smoke through the red sand stone pipe filled with fragrant "Shong-sasha"—a smoking tobacco mixed with yellow bark which makes the Indian mixture mild and harmless.

"In every tribe in whose country I have been stationed (which comprises nearly all the continent) the pipe is the Indian's constant companion through

life.''* It is his messenger of peace, he pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl, and when death lays him low, it has a place of honor in his solitary grave—with his weapons of war.

All Indian nations hold the pipe of peace as sacred. It is kept like the regimental flags of pale face warriors at ''head quarters''—and is used upon only the most solemn ceremonies of ''burying the hatchet.''

The stem is ornamented with eagle quills and beautiful bead work and its general appearance denotes that it is no ordinary smoking implement.

Seated in a circle the venerable and influential chiefs draw the smoke once through the stem and pass it on to the right. The bowl is of ordinary stone or of the famous red pipe stone of the Dakotas. Sioux is the common name of the Dakotas, but is merely a corruption of the Ojibway words, Na-do-wessioux-enemies.

Hundreds of moons (long time ago) the aborigines journeyed to the pipe stone quarry to obtain masses of the wonderful stone, which they transported to their distant lodges, fashioned into curious shapes and traded for horses and arms and clothing.

Wherever there are Indians the red pipe is smoked, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico.

This quarry is ''located on the summit of the 'divide' between the Missouri and St. Peter's Rivers in Minnesota, at a point not far from where the 97th meridian of longitude intersects the 45th parallel of latitude.''—Col. Inman.

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*''From The Old Santa Fe Trail.''—Col. Inman.

The luxury of smoking appears to have been known to all the tribes. Half of this leisure time is given by the Indians to smoking his k-nick ka-nick or Shong-Sasha, mixture of tobacco and willow bark. This is a granulated mixture and it is the most wholesome method of smoking and least likely to be followed by injury to the general health. Such a mild tobacco burned in the cool red pipe is almost never injurious. The Indian never smokes strong tobacco if he can help it and never disgraces himself by the filthy habit of chewing—otherwise he could never have obtained the reputation he enjoys, as the strongest, manliest of the aborigines.

Here's to thee, faithful friend, my comforting pipe and cheering Shong-sasha, I like thy sweet companionship!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE COLORED SOLDIER.

When colored troops were enrolled, soon after the close of the War of the Rebellion, the Southern States were in a chaotic condition. Troops occupied the strategic centres, and "carpet bag" politicians and adventurers swarmed into the conquered territory, their thirst for money making them willing to risk somewhat of safety in order to arrive early upon the field to reap the harvest that cruel war had placed within their reach. The negroes, freed from slavery and intoxicated with the license which they knew not how to use reasonably, were ready for almost anything except wage labor.

The war being at an end, the profession of arms, with the showy uniform and military pomp, offered them a tempting experience. To recruit a colored regiment was therefore not a very difficult undertaking, especially so when ignorance and savagery were no bar to acceptance by the recruiting officers. Hundred of freed negroes flocked to the recruiting stations and were quickly transformed into recruits for the United States colored regiments. The fiat had gone forth that the freed men were no longer to be merely enrolled as soldiers to do duty as teamsters for the quartermaster's department, but that they were to appear as soldiers, drill, and do guard

duty, with equal rights with the white veterans of the late war. In compliance with this idea, an expedition assembled and marched westward from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in the early spring of 1867, over the Santa Fe trail, through the "great deserts," which were then occupied by the active and warlike Indians. Their advent astonished everyone. The frontiersmen looked upon them as a military caricature, the fruit of some political deal, unexplained and unreasonable. The officers detailed to serve with them were half ashamed to have it known. The white soldiers who came in contact with these recent slaves, now wearing the uniform of the regular army, felt insulted and injured; and their redskin adversaries heaped derision upon the negroes by taunts and jests, and loudly called them "Buffalo Soldiers," and declared they were "heap bad medicine" because they could not and would not scalp them.

Such was the very unpromising advent of colored troops to do service as soldiers on equal terms with regular veterans. A detachment of this regiment was ordered on duty at Fort Craig, New Mexico, and shortly after their relief from quartermaster's duty they were, to the astonishment and disgust of the white troops, detailed for guard duty. This was more than the white soldiers could endure, and so general and open was the opposition that a condition of things bordering on mutiny resulted. Great anxiety existed among the officers as to the outcome, and the gravest fears were entertained.

The threats of vengeance against the "nigger soldiers" were so openly made in the hearing of officers that bloodshed was seriously anticipated, and

earnest consultations concerning postponing the colored guard detail were held. It was finally decided, however, that the colored new guard should march on at all hazards, and when guard mount sounded the entire garrison was in a state of anxiety never before experienced. The old guard was assembled and instructed and warned, the men listening in sullen silence. Never before had it been necessary for their officers to appeal to them. They had served long and well together; and respect and confidence were genuinely entertained for each other to a degree almost unknown among the troops east of the Mississippi. These veteran Indian fighters would follow their officers cheerfully and persistently through any danger or hardship, but when it came to being "obliged to salute a nigger in uniform" their proud soldierly spirits rebelled at the thought, and they muttered openly their intense aversion to this innovation. The music of guard mount sounded shrill and forbidding; the guards fell in with a sullen determination on their faces as if they were about to take part in a critical event in their military career. The new guard marched on in a shuffling, shamefaced way, as if they too wished it were over. As they came near the old guard, everyone watched to see what would happen. Lieutenant ———, whose commands had always been obeyed in the past with cheerful military promptness, took a hasty look at the set faces of his men as the black detail approached. The time had come.

"Present arms!" he ordered, as the guard reached the saluting point, but not a veteran moved a muscle, and the black detail passed without any other

recognition than the soldierly salute of the officer's swords. A consultation was held, and the white soldiers were warned that their conduct would be regarded as mutinous if they continued to disobey orders.

Again the black detail marched past, and again the order was disobeyed; not a rifle stirred from the shoulder. The commanding officer now appeared upon the scene and delivered to his veteran soldiers a sharp and stinging rebuke. His decided and harsh tones concealed the sympathy he felt in his heart. He had his duty to discharge, and he informed the men whom he had led in battle, and who had never failed him, that if they refused to salute the new guard, they would be relieved and taken to the post flagstaff, and tied up by their thumbs until they consented to give the required salute.

This was the climax. The whole garrison was in a fever heat of excitement. Would these brave fellows yield? Would men who had records such as theirs in the Indian War, and who had never quailed in danger, give way at the threat of cruel physical torture?

Once more the blacks were moving rapidly to the saluting line. For the third time, the rifles of the old guard were at the shoulders.

"Present arms!" rang out clear and distinct, but not a rifle moved. That settled it. The men were dismissed, and as prisoners marched to the flagstaff. Around their thumbs the cruel cords were tied, and they were hoisted upward until only the toes touched the ground. There was no word of protest, no look of anger. Proudly and firmly, as if

in Indian torture, they endured the ignominy and pain of their position. Their officers were with them, beseeching them to yield. The pain became more and more insufferable; they almost fainted. One of the officers suggested to the men that they could pretend to yield, agreeing to "salute the uniform of the United States, even if borne by a nigger." This gave a chance for compromise, the cruel cords were severed, and the brave veterans were released. They were too lame and injured to hold a rifle then, but it was agreed that thereafter military courtesy should be shown to those wearing the uniform.

This incident at Fort Craig illustrates the discord which then existed between the white and the colored troops of the regular army.

South of Fort Craig, beyond the river, stretched the lonely desert known as the Jornada del Muerto, or Journey of Death. Ninety-nine miles, without wood, water, or grass, leads the straight road to Fort Selden. Here another detachment of the 37th was stationed. Continuing the march, the remaining detachments pushed on through sixty-five miles of desert to Fort Cummings, N. M., where they relieved the garrison, consisting of two companies of the 125th U. S. Colored Volunteer Infantry. Here, isolated in the desert, stood a fortress built of adobe. It was designed by General McClellan, and was constructed with strong walls completely surrounding the garrison buildings, a feature quite uncommon among the so-called Western forts. Generally speaking, the forts of the frontier are merely collections of buildings about an oblong space, which serves as parade ground.

To the north of Fort Cummings, Cook's Peak rose in its majestic grandeur, and, beyond, the canon extended away for miles. Through this a road led in the direction of the Rio Miembres, twenty miles away. But to the west and southwest stretched the limitless prairie, dreary and desolated. The only green things visible in the landscape were the few stunted trees at the spring, half way between the Fort and the entrance to Cook's Canon. After marching for days and weeks through an enemy's country, with the rough messkit of a campaigner, with the horror of a visitation of cholera, to which their brave surgeon and his wife fell victims, these ignorant colored soldiers, who had been buoyed with delusive hopes on leaving the fertile lands of Georgia, found themselves in this dreary, prison-like abode, exposed to all the discomforts of a home in the desert, and to all the dangers of a powerful tribe of merciless Apaches, forever on the warpath. It was enough to sadden the hearts of the best white troops, and it is no wonder that dissatisfaction rapidly spread, until in their undisciplined state a mutinous spirit developed.

The veteran volunteers, with their gallant officers, had marched away; and, with the exception of their own officers and a squad of the 3d U. S. regular cavalry, there were no white men to give their influence towards preserving order.

In the early days of colored troops in the regular army, it was essential, to get the best results, that they should serve with white troops, so that discipline could be enforced when necessary. It was a decidedly risky experiment to attempt making

soldiers of such people. They needed the object lesson of contact with white troops. Naturally of an imitative disposition, the colored man took the white soldier as his pattern, carefully watching every gesture and movement with inquisitive concern. Recruited from the most dangerous and shiftless of the freed negroes, they were naturally lazy, and disinclined to do the work required of them. They spent all of their leisure time in gambling, drinking and quarelling. Every possible punishment employed in the discipline of frontier posts was inflicted upon them. They were stood on barrels, they were "bucked" and gagged, they were marched about the garrison with heavy planks tied to their backs, bearing the word "gambler" in chalk. Everything was done to discipline them, every means taken to make soldiers of them. But so rapidly did the mutinous spirit develop in the command, that only by the merest chance was a tragedy averted.

Through the confession of a servant it was discovered that these colored men had entered into a plot to kill every white man in the garrison, to capture the horses and such property as they might desire, and to carry off the officers' wives as their slaves. The details were so completed that every match was to be dampened to that no light could be made, and the caps were to be removed from every revolver.

With remarkable coolness the officers prepared to face the terrible situation. A rumor was purposely circulated that the paymaster had arrived. The colored soldiers were ordered to be mustered on the parade without arms. It had been previously ar-

ranged that the squad of white cavalry were to secretly occupy the quarters of the colored men and to prevent at all hazards their returning to secure their rifles. The cannon had been loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, and two of the officers detailed to turn them upon the mutineers should occasion require. The commanding officer, with the officers and white non-commissioned officers of the garrison, appeared before the command, and announced to them that their plot had been fully discovered; and he demanded, then and there, the surrender of the ringleaders. Immediately the companies broke ranks and started for their quarters, where they expected to find their rifles. They discovered, however, that the doors were closed, and at the windows stood the squad of white cavalrymen with their carbines levelled at them. Turning again, they saw that the officers had drawn their revolvers, and that the cannon pointed threateningly in their direction. In terror many fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, others protested their innocence and pointed out the ringleaders, who were quickly secured with the assistance of the guard, which had been carefully selected from the men who could be depended upon, and the mutineers were confined, and in a short time the disturbance was thoroughly quelled.

Such is a brief chapter in the history of colored soldiery in the regular army in 1867. From such discouraging beginnings has developed a military organization of brave and efficient soldiers, who have since then made excellent records for themselves in many deeds of gallantry in battles with the Indians. No longer do the red men throw taunts at the black

soldiers, for they have found them foemen worthy of their steel. No longer do officers consider it humilating to serve in negro regiments. On the contrary, they are favorite commands to-day. The 24th and 25th Infantry, and the 9th and 10th Cavalry are a credit to the U. S. Army. Post schools and devoted and intelligent officers have developed the colored recruit until he has become a trustworthy, brave, and intelligent soldier.

"They love their uniform and take great pride in it—great pride in their bearing. They love to have everything in first-class shape—chest out, and every button shining, and every strap correct, and they'll follow you everywhere you take them. You know they are always right behind you, they don't care what the danger is, so long as they have a white man for their leader, and they won't follow one of their own color across the street to pick apples—you can't make them." This is what an experienced army officer says of them in a recent number of "The Outlook." The fierce battles in Cuba, in which they gained fresh laurels, have not disheartened them. It is the same old story; they have won again the respect of friend and foe. "The colored troops fight bravely."

W. T. P., in North American Review.

COOK'S CANON. A STORY OF LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

It was at the famous Casino at Newport; the music and dancing had ceased for a moment, and I gazed about at the onlookers, among whom were many people of distinction. Nearby sat a lovely young woman apparently blessed with health and happiness, and yet there was something about the face so very thoughtful, it seemed as if the memory of some fierce storm of the past still persisted in lingering. I further noticed that, although dressed in becoming good taste and wearing no jewelry, yet upon her shapely right arm there was a band of virgin gold. I was about to call my companion's attention to this unusual adornment, when he spoke of it himself, and inquired if I had ever met Surgeon Bradstreet of the Army and his charming wife? I had not, so very shortly an introduction followed, and later on when I learned to know them better, the Surgeon related some of his adventures among the Apaches of the Southwest and the story of the Band of Gold. "It was back in the sixties," he said, "when I was stationed at old Fort Cummings, New Mexico. One morning, just after guard mounting, the adjutant came to the hospital to give me verbal orders."

"The commanding officer's compliments and you are directed to proceed at once to the Rio Miembres to attend to some wounded civilians. Suitable escort will be ready at ten o'clock." I lost no time in making my preparations, directing the necessary instruments, bandages, etc., to be placed in the panniers for the pack mules, and looking well to my pistol holders and ammunition case, I hastened to headquarters to report for duty. A half dozen troopers of the gallant 3rd were already in saddle, and with some parting instructions from my commander, I mounted and rode out with them. The view, as we passed out of the old Fort archway and entered on the broad trail, was indeed grand. As far as the eye could reach the great sweep of prairie, but to the northwestward the great mountains, and not a mile away the huge silent figure of Cook's Peak—"Old Baldy"—as we familiarly called it, from its snow-capped summit. Just beyond loomed the dark entrance to Cook's Canon, a gruesome and dangerous valley, the resort of murderous Apaches, and a place which a stronger party than our own might shrink from exploring.

We galloped into the Canon, with the caution of men not unused to Indian ambuscade, and scanned carefully right and left each possible hiding place for a treacherous foe, as we rode down the trail.

The Indians were always active, and that very morning Charlie Young, the brave rider of the pony express, who came into the post ranch before reveille, had seen some of them at various places along the trail. We rode at ease and lit our pipes, saving our horses, but expecting to eat our dinners at the Miembres, more than twenty miles away,

sometime before sunset. Suddenly we heard the sound of rifle shots, and as we rounded a bend, we saw below us farther on the trail, a large ambulance—a mule lay dead in the harness, but the rest of the team had disappeared, and from the ambulance puffs of white smoke and the clear rifle cracks told us of a stubborn defence against the cut-throat Apaches, who, with yells, were repeatedly charging. Our carbines were unslung in a jiffy, and with a cheer we struck spurs and rushed down the trail to the rescue, just in time to send scattering a half dozen "bucks" who were standing on the wheels and steps, slashing with their knives. As we rode up three men leaped out and added their shots to the volley we sent after the retreating Indians. I was informed that they were in desperate trouble. One man lay dead within the ambulance, and two women were wounded, one, at least, dangerously. Down the trail was the multilated driver—killed at the first volley. Pushing aside the slashed curtains, pierced with arrow and bullet holes, I saw at once the full horror of the battle. On the floor was the body of a gentleman, an ugly wound in the temple, mutely revealing the cause of death. Ministering to the needs of a middle-aged woman, evidently beyond help, was a fair young girl. Her golden hair had fallen about her shoulders, her clothing was torn and blood-stained, and her right arm was bleeding from an ugly wound. She was rejoiced to learn that I was a surgeon, and inquired anxiously for the chances of saving her aunt, now unconscious and dying. I cared for her wound and did what I could to make the situation less horrible, and sent a trooper in hot haste to the Fort for

assistance and fresh stock, and before long saw them started safely for the garrison. My own duties forced me to proceed westward to the Miembres, and it was late the next day before I reported my return at headquarters. My fair young patient was as comfortable as possible under the care of the kind-hearted wife of my commander—but the bodies of the uncle and aunt and of the faithful driver awaited burial.

I learned that the party had started overland from Southern California, by way of Arizona, bound to Santa Fe, where the uncle had interests. Unfortunately, at Fort Bowie, in Arizona, they had been obliged to give up their military escort, and with only three men and the driver to accompany them, they risked the lonely trail through Bayard and the Canon. The Indians had surprised them, although they had been watching their signal smoke for sometime. The uncle and driver fell at the first volley, and the savages seized and cut loose the mules. Just as our shots were poured into the redskins, some of the Apaches had made a rush, and slashing open the curtains of the ambulance, had seized the young lady, and were fighting to drag her out, one of the redskins giving her the ugly wound in the arm, just as we galloped up. In spite of my best efforts, I found the wound an ugly one to heal, and a deep scar a few inches above the wrist will always recall the horrors of that adventure.

My pleasure and my duty called me often to the cheerful quarters of my commander, and after awhile my professional services changed to that of a new relationship, and so it came about later

on, when leave of absence found me in old Santa Fe, whither my fair young friend had gone, I brought into service the skill of a worker in gold, for which that old Mexican city is celebrated. He fashioned for me a band of pure virgin gold to hide the ugly wound, and in fac-simile, a ring, which later on I placed upon her finger in the little chapel of Santa Fe. It does not seem so long ago, but since that battle in the gloomy canon, many happy years have passed.

Old Fort Cummings has fallen to ruins, its massive "doby" walls have crumbled, and Old Glory no longer "catches the gleam of the morning's first beam" from its once graceful flagstaff. Only "Old Baldy" still wears the same snow-white crest, and keeps its everlasting vigil—as the "sentinel" of Cook's Canon and "of the Southwest."

POSTSCRIPT.

THE TRAIL OF SANTA FE DE SAN FRANCISCO.

Known as the "Santa Fe Trail."

At the commencement of the "commerce of the prairies" in the early portion of the XIX century the Old Santa Fe trail was the arena of almost constant sanguinary struggles between the Indians and the hardy white pioneers. Their daring compelled its development. Their hardships gave birth to the American homestead; their determined will was the factor of possible achievements, the most remarkable of modern times.

When the famous Santa Fe trail was established across the great plains, the only method of travel was by slow freight caravan drawn by patient oxen or the lumbering stage coach with its complement of four or six mules. There was ever to be feared an attack by those devils of the desert—the Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, and other fierce tribes. Along the whole route the remains of men, animals and the wrecks of camps and wagons, told a story of suffering, robbery and outrage more impressive than any language.

Volumes could be—and have been—written on the history and romance of the old Santa Fe trail, which takes us back to antiquity. The beginning of it was in 1540, when Francisco Vasquez de Coronado led an expedition of exploration and conquest from Mexico clear up into Kansas.

In 1596 Santa Fe was founded by the Spaniards under the name of La Citidad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco (the True City *of the Holy Faith of St. Francis*). There, in a plain rimmed by mountains, the Spaniards and Mexicans slept for nearly two centuries, between the wars with the Indians.

In the first years of the 19th century the American trapper and trader began to disturb the peaceful dreams of Santa Fe. By 1824 the first wagon trains had left Independence, Mo.

Thereafter there was a rushing business along the Santa Fe trail. In 1825 the trail was made an authorized road by act of Congress. In the next two years it was surveyed and marked out "from the western frontier of Missouri, near Fort Osage, to San Fernando de Taos, near Santa Fe." Fort Leavenworth was established to give military protection to the hazardous trade with the Southwest.

Most intelligent Americans know of the old trail, but very few know just where it ran. By the time Gen. Kearney had taken formal possession of Santa Fe, in 1846, in the name of the United States, its northern terminus was Kansas City, to which point merchandise from the east and south was shipped by steamboat up the Missouri.

The Santa Fe trail began at Westport (now Kansas City) and followed the Kaw river to Lawrence. Thence it wound through the hills to Bur-

lingame and Council Grove, the Arkansas valley being reached at Fort Zarah (now Great Bend). The trail crept up this valley to Bent's Fort (now Las Animas) and climbed the mountains through Raton pass. There was a short cut from Fort Dodge to Las Vegas, along the Cimarron river. In these days the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe practically follows the pass trail.

The distance from Kansas City to Santa Fe was 800 miles, and a round trip consumed about 110 days. Day and night in all seasons the caravans pushed their way. In spite of strong military escort, the trail was blood-soaked for many years, and was marked by hundreds of graves of the victims, of the murderous Apaches and other tribes. Nearly every mile of the trail has had its ambush, its surprise, its attack and torture.

October 1872 Colonel Inman saw one of the last caravans of white covered wagons slowly moving towards the setting sun. It was the beginning of the end for on the 9th of February, 1880, the first train over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad arrived at Santa Fe and the old trail as a route of commerce was closed forever!

The Santa Fe trail has been marked by the school children of Kansas. Each school child in the "Sunflower State" has been asked to give a penny to a fund to buy markers for the famous old trail; 369166 have responded, thus a unique monument of great historical importance will be established.

WITHDRAWN

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